The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

French Blue-prints of Peace

HOOVER HAD HIS PLAN.

The British had their plan.

Now the French come forward with a peace plan of their own—tho it's still in the blue-print stage.

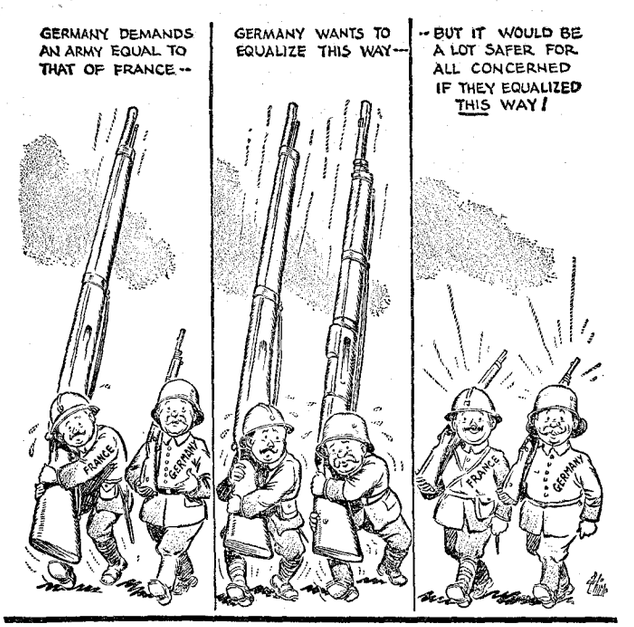
The wonder of it all is that French Premier Herriot persuades 430 out of 450 members of his Chamber of Deputies to O.K. a program that actually involves concessions to Germany.

So here is France approving, the German press approving, Washington approving in its accustomed non-committal manner, and the Geneva committee taking the French plan under consideration.

The big result of Herriot's plan for replacing Europe's regular armies with conscript militiamen, and tying Europe up with more security pacts, is the expected return of Germany to the Disarmament conference, which she left in high dudgeon.

Here, says our Louisville *Courier-Journal*, is the means for lifting the Geneva conference out of the doldrums. By springing his plan, says this Kentucky onlooker, Edouard Herriot "has reanimated the Briand policies."

The Herriot concessions may not go as far as other nations would like, but in them, suggests the Boston *News Bureau*, "there may be the nucleus for the first real and maximum progress at Geneva for lifting the militaristic burden on European backs."


GERMANY DEMANDS AN ARMY EQUAL TO THAT OF FRANCE--
GERMANY WANTS TO EQUALIZE THIS WAY--
--BUT IT WOULD BE A LOT SAFER FOR ALL CONCERNED IF THEY EQUALIZED THIS WAY!
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GERMANY

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The Long and Short of It

—Thiele for the N. E. A.

"THIS is the most important contribution to disarmament which France has made for many years," reasons the Washington *Post*. The conversion of professional armies into defensive militias would apply only to Continental Europe. But it is not "incompatible with President Hoover's suggestion that all armed forces throughout the world be reduced by one-third; Premier Herriot's plan could probably be fitted into the Hoover program if the Powers find it agreeable."

But instead of speeding up the Arms Conference, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* fears that Herriot's disarmament plan "is more likely to introduce new delays, for it is still anchored to the old French condition of a binding European agreement for mutual assistance against an aggressor, and to the Tardieu proposal of last spring for an internationally controlled force of sufficient power to deal with acts of aggression—conditions that can not conceivably receive the support of Germany, and are not likely to receive the support of either Great Britain or Italy."

STRONGER still is the language used by the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* in discussing the French plan:

"France has made absolutely no sort of contribution to world peace in the way of sacrificing her own organization and equipment, and it is now the common knowledge of the world that she has thwarted, at every conference, the attempts which America and Britain have made to accomplish something constructive.

"This attempt to revive the demand for the establishment of a world force to guard the Versailles commitments shows how hopeless is any attempt to accomplish any genuine disarmament which would menace the military primacy of France."

IN London it is hoped "that the Hoover and French disarmament plans will be susceptible of blending, in which case the British will undertake to do the necessary harmonizing work," writes Charles A. Selden from London to the New York *Times*.

Official American reaction at the State Department in Washington is reported by all the correspondents to be most friendly. The New York *Journal of Commerce* ventures to outline the Administration's position like this:

"The United States will not enter into any so-called security agreement with Europe that would call upon it to cooperate with other countries in the use of joint force against an aggressor.

"This country is willing to join in consultation with other nations in the event of violation of the Kellogg peace pact, but that is as far as it will commit itself.

"It is not likely that the Administration would be willing to approach the Senate for a further agreement with Europe than now is provided under the Kellogg pact.

"However, official Washington views new proposals of France for the abolition of professional armies and resort to conscription, with a general grouping of the forces of Continental Europe against an aggressor, as a move in the right direction toward establishing peace. Great Britain and the United States would not be included in this agreement."

Of course, press comment here reveals the old clash between

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the isolationist and internationalist points of view. For instance, the Philadelphia *Record* speaks of the French as assuming that Secretary Stimson has committed the country to "consult" whenever the Kellogg pact is violated. *The Record* protests:

"The Hoover Administration, in other words, is making France the offer of an informal treaty; pledging this nation to a dangerous commitment to which public opinion is opposed."

And on the other hand the Milwaukee *Journal* takes the occasion to declare that until we are willing to underwrite the

In the Powder Magazine

—Knott in the Dallas "News."

peace movement, "it is a safe prediction that nothing permanent will be accomplished." The French Government, in the *Journal's* opinion, "has provided a basis, on the one hand, for a discussion of the troublesome German arms question, and on the other, a new request that America cooperate. The time has come when this country must say definitely whether it is willing to aid, at least to the extent of making the Briand-Kellogg Treaty effective."

German opinion as quoted in dispatches is generally favorable. Former Defense Minister Wilhelm Gröner declares that Herriot has probably supplied the fundamentally new thing needed to keep the Geneva Conference going. The Nationalist *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* says:

"France herself now recognizes the necessity of abandoning the military regulations forced on us. It is immaterial from what motives France is loosening the Versailles bonds—what matters is that the bonds are being loosened, and that is the first tangible result of the policy Germany initiated in July."

An interesting analysis of the Herriot plan and its implications is presented in the New York *Times* by Edwin L. James, now managing-editor and for many years the *Times* correspondent in Paris:

"Premier Herriot's speech in the Chamber of Deputies represented an important effort at conciliation in two directions.

"In the first place, the chief of the French Government tried to go a distance toward meeting the Hoover plan for a one-third cut in existing armaments; in the second place, he offered the Germans more than had hitherto been offered them by France.

"In brief, the French scheme is that there shall be a reduction in the term of military service, if certain conditions are fulfilled.

"First, the principle of conscription should prevail in Europe with the dissolution of such professional organizations as the German Reichswehr; second, there should be international supervision of the observance of arms-limitation agreements; third, there should be in Europe pacts of mutual assistance and the establishment of an international police force; fourth, the United States should enter into a consultative pact; fifth, there should be a reconsecration of the duties of the members of the League of Nations under Article XVI, and, sixth, arbitration should be obligatory for all nations joining the pact.

"There is in the plan several significant features, the most weighty of which are perhaps the gestures made to Washington and Berlin.

"The wording of Point IV of the Herriot plan follows: 'That the United States should grant guaranties of security which she herself has envisaged.'

"The French know because they have been told often that this country will go into no general guaranty of the security of other countries. Yet, on the other hand, we have given the world the Anti-War Pact. Between that unimplemented treaty and the security treaty they would like to have the French seek a medium. They say to the United States that this country should come in on the terms we have 'envisaged.'

"Colonel Stimson has said that in the next war there would be no neutrals, and spokesmen for our Government have referred to the abolition of the rights of belligerents in another war. War has been outlawed, is our theory, and any one who indulges in war has no legal rights.

"Now Herriot puts it up to this country to say how far it will go in making those principles the law of nations.

"There is no doubt that the Senate would have a field-day were it proposed, in return for a limitation of European armies, that this country should agree in advance by treaty to do anything whatsoever. The question arises whether it will be found feasible in Washington to give any other definite form to the principles we advocate in a manner which will make them look other to the world at large than opportunist declarations which may or may not have taken color during a national political campaign.

"If the answer is in the affirmative, we shall perhaps find that the French will be ready to cut their term of military service, which is the traditional method of reducing conscript armies.

"On the other hand, if the Government of this country refused to go any of the distance the French ask, it would be no surprize if the French would use the speech of Herriot as furnishing an explanation why. They will say that they asked us simply to go on the formal record for what we had advocated, and that if we were unwilling to give that much security they are not to be blamed for not taking our bare advice to reduce their Army."

Coming to the German angle, Mr. James explains why Herriot goes part way to meet the German demand for arms equality:

"As Berlin has made it plain, the Reich does not now desire to build up a big Army, but seeks equality of treatment at Geneva to the end that whatever agreement may be written there shall replace Part V of the Treaty of Versailles.

"In this the French have seen the danger that at the end of the term of the Geneva agreement the Germans would be bound neither by Part V of the Treaty of Versailles nor by a denounced Geneva treaty, and would then be free to build up as large an Army as they wished.

"It is understood that the French will suggest at Geneva, not that Part V of the Treaty of Versailles be torn up when the Geneva arrangement is written, but that it be suspended so long as the Geneva agreement remains in force. Legally, whether practically or not, this would still give the former Allies control of German armament.

"In any event, the speech of Herriot will be found to have revivified the arms-limitation negotiations. He has made a play both to Berlin and to Washington."

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Hoover's Warning on Armament

"THERE could be such a thing as civilization committing suicide.

"A new race for naval supremacy would be much like preparing the fatal dose."

Thus the Troy *Record*, in an editorial approving President Hoover's Navy Day warning to the world—that if the present movement for disarmament fails, the United States will build up its Navy until it is second to none.

Wide-spread commendation greets the President's statement. But here and there a paper is disturbed by the "ominous sound to the already overburdened taxpayer."

"The added cost, over a six-year period," points out the Springfield *Republican*, "has been estimated at a billion dollars or more."

"The President's brief warning was the first hint," says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that a naval-building program will be recommended to Congress should the Geneva disarmament conference collapse."

Reminding us that "the national defense is the first and most solemn obligation placed upon the Federal Government by the Constitution," the President adds that "our people have ever been lovers of peace, and they have consistently pursued a policy designed to preserve national rights by peaceful negotiation wherever possible, rather than by resort to arms." Then—

"This Administration has spared no reasonable effort to bring about an agreement of all nations upon a reduction of arms, upon the ratios agreed upon at the London Naval Conference.

"Our patience in these negotiations has never for a moment jeopardized the safety of the United States.

"These efforts are making progress. If these efforts finally fail, we shall be compelled, by reason of the disturbed conditions prevailing throughout the world and the necessity of protecting American commerce, to build our Navy to the full strength provided in the London agreement, equal to that of the most powerful in the world.

"I need scarcely suggest the vast expenditures that would be involved by that necessity, or the blow that it would deal to one of the most cherished aspirations of our people."

"THERE is no militarism in this—only plain common sense," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "It should be plain to the meanest intelligence that a genuine reduction in armaments can be attained only by world cooperation."

Pointing out that President Hoover "has offered a plan whereby arms could be reduced by one-third without disturbing the present relative strength of the nations," the Washington *Post* continues:

"By this proposal he kept the Geneva disarmament conference alive. Now he is trying to rescue it from another deadlock.

"It is indeed an anomalous situation when the most powerful nation in the world struggles in vain to induce other countries to disarm. But Uncle Sam will not go so far as to give the world an example of disarmament while all other countries remain armed to the teeth.

"The patience of the American people is strained almost to the breaking-point.

"If the delegates from Washington have to leave the Geneva conference in disgust after another failure, there will be only one alternative—to build and maintain the most powerful Navy in the world.

"It is still more strange that the United States should have to carry on, almost single-handed, the fight for disarmament when Europe is groaning under the burden of taxation and pleading for cancelation of the debts created in the last war.

"The American Government has done all in its power to relieve the people of Europe from their staggering load of armaments. If militaristic leaders will not listen to reason, then Uncle Sam can only withdraw from the Geneva farce and build up a Navy strong enough to guarantee the American people against foreign aggression in any form."

"No more wholesome, no more significant utterance has emanated from the White House in years," says the Washington *Evening Star*, and the Philadelphia *Record*, which often criticizes Mr. Hoover, now congratulates him "for his strong statement."

BUT "just between ourselves and the gatepost, it is no time for speaking of building greater navies," warns the Birmingham *News*—

"The American people who foot the bills for naval competition

This Civilization!

—Temple in the New Orleans "Times-Picayune."

are in no mood for building up the establishment at a time when retrenchment in every department of government is our paramount and bounden duty.

"In fact, Mr. Hoover's words, if meant for foreign consumption, will carry precious little conviction that we are but awaiting failure of the Geneva disarmament conference to start shipbuilding at hundred-point capacity."

Facts and figures on the present status of our Navy are supplied by the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"General authorization for a Navy of London Treaty strength is provided in the Hale bill, passed by the Senate at the last session, and now pending in the House Naval Affairs Committee. The Vinson bill for ship construction over a period of years to cost more than $600,000,000, on the basis of the Navy Board's previously detailed plans for a London treaty fleet, also reposes in the House Committee awaiting action.

"The Navy's latest figures comparing the fleets of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan show the replacements needed to provide treaty navies for all three nations by December 31, 1936, if the ships now building, or appropriated for, are completed as follows:

Type	*U. S.*	*Britain*	*Japan*
Aircraft Carriers	56,200	19,650	12,150
Cruisers (Class B)	73,000	87,200	None
Destroyers	135,500	73,324	9,209
Submarines	25,630	8,540	None."

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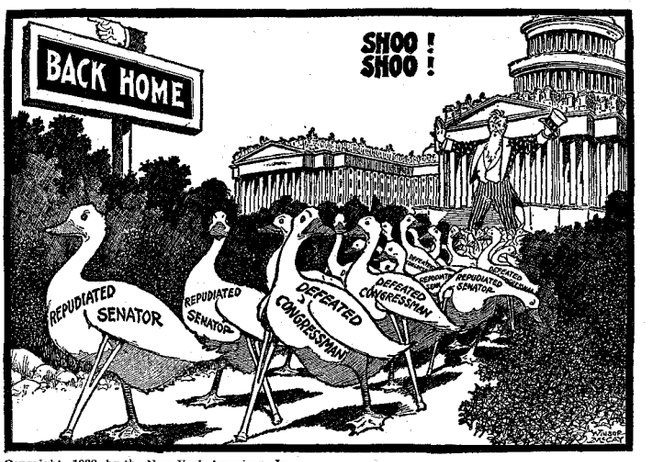
The Lame Ducks' Last Flight?

THE FINAL SESSION of the Seventy-second Congress, convening in December, may go down into history as the last of the "lame duck" sessions.

Lame ducks, as everybody knows, are members of Congress who continue in office for the short session after their successors have been elected. And now this anomalous bird, political observers remind us, may soon be as extinct as the dodo.

His doom is sounded by the Norris Amendment to the Constitution, which after a long succession of defeats was adopted by Congress last March, and has already been ratified by 17 of the necessary 36 States. With the legislatures of 29 other States meeting in January, and only 19 more ratifications needed, it is confidently predicted in many quarters that the Twentieth Amendment will be in effect long before another Congressional election is held. In addition to abolishing the lame-duck session, this Amendment advances the date of the President's inauguration from March 4 to January 20, and makes the terms of members of Congress begin January 3 instead of March 4.

David Lawrence, Washington correspondent for the Consolidated Press, reminds us that no matter how soon it is ratified, the President, Vice-President, Representatives, and Senators elected on November 8 this year, will begin their terms as usual on March 4, 1933· but prompt ratification will result in shortening these terms. As the Providence *Journal* explains: "The Amendment, if adopted, will be in force on and after October 15, 1933, and the next Presidential term will come to a close on January 20, 1937."



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On Their Way!

—McCay in the New York "American."

THE situation is further clarified by the Jersey City *Journal:*

"If the lame-duck Amendment goes through, it will mean that when a new Congressman is elected in November he will not have to wait until thirteen months later to take his seat, but will start his Congressional career on January 3 of the year following his election. As it is now, the defeated candidate continues to represent the district which has turned him down, and his successor has no chance to function until the following December, unless a special session of Congress is called before that time.

"Shortening the time between the election and inauguration of a President is of great importance. As it is now, if a new President is chosen, the country suffers from four months of business stagnation and general uncertainty as to new Presidential policies and new tariff rates.

"But it is the Congressional change which appeals most to the average voter. The damage which a lame-duck Congress can do is great. It is absurd to let legislation be effected by those who no longer represent the feelings of a district."

The Camden *Courier-Post* calls the proposed change, "one of the wisest ever made"; and the Albany *Knickerbocker Press* predicts that "when the entire roll of the States is called, it will be found there is no opposition in the country." But in Massachusetts, the Springfield *Union* remarks skeptically:

"Professedly it is to get rid of the so-called lame-duck short session of an expiring Congress, but really to substitute an immediate session of a Congress that may abound in lamer ducks because new to their own jobs and green in government business."

Wheat's Plunge to a 300-Year Low

WHEAT ON A PAR WITH SAWDUST.
Corn selling at a nickel a bushel, or less.
Good grain shoveled into stoves as raw fuel.

Out of the stricken West come these calamitous reports as the price of wheat plunges to the lowest level in more than three centuries.

For a wheat war is on, we read, and everybody is getting hurt. Bankruptcy cases mushroom, and the evil effects are felt everywhere as the United States and Canada rush to sell their surplus before crops from the southern hemisphere reach the market.

It was on October 29, writes the Chicago correspondent of the United Press, that quantities of grain for December delivery sold at 43⅞ cents a bushel, ¼ below the low established in Merrie England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, more than 300 years ago—

"Not since Drake sailed the high seas with his privateers, confiscating gold and wheat from the Spanish galleons, had wheat sold officially at such figures.

"Grain experts were unanimous as to the reason. It is a case of the United States and Canada having more wheat than the world needs, and racing to sell it before the Australian and Argentine crops be started over the seas."

Later, wheat prices at Chicago sagged even lower.

IN Iowa, the same correspondent tells us, "a bushel of old corn could be bought for less than a package of chewing-gum. At the price of four cents a bushel it was marketed—where there was a market—for $1.40 a ton"—

"Coal sold in the same towns at $4 a ton, and consequently huge quantities of corn are expected to be burned in winter stoves of farm homes.

"In the Northwestern States many farmers were unable to find any one who would even bid on their wheat, despite prices so low they faced ruin.

"Grain experts could hold little hope of materially better grain prices until by some means the enormous annual carryover of crops has been eliminated."

"However, there is something of cheer on the horizon," writes Owen L. Scott of the Consolidated Press Association, "in the evidence that low prices will result in curtailed production throughout the world. In our own heavy producing section of the Southwest, acreage has been cut sharply this fall, and the lack of moisture in many sections has resulted in a poor start for next year's winter wheat crop."

"The one ray of hope in the current price of grain," adds the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, speaking for a number of papers, "is that it suggests the beginning of a liquidation long overdue, and inevitable."

Emphasizing the need of reducing our wheat acreage, the Washington *Post* says:

"To reduce the domestic wheat crop by 20 per cent. would cost farmers about $73,000,000 in loss of volume. But it would raise the price of wheat to at least $1 in the United States, and thereby put $206,000,000 into farmers' pockets, even with their reduced acreage.

"It seems incredible that farmers do not make use of their cooperative associations to bring about a uniform reduction of wheat acreage."

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Borah's Giant Pill for an Ailing World

THE "PROPOSES TO TAKE THE SICK WORLD by the throat and shake it into good health."

That is what the Washington *Post* thinks of Senator William E. Borah's four-point program for economic recovery.

It provides, as the Associated Press tells us, for "adjustment of World War problems, expansion of the currency, elimination of extravagance in government, and adjustment of private debts to conform to the change in money values."

Other papers think better of the leonine Idahoan's plan, altho they admit the job is gigantic.

"Here is one man who is honestly trying to think in terms that fit the existing situation," declares M. E. Tracy in the New York *World-Telegram*, and the Winston-Salem *Journal* adds that "his diagnosis of the disease and the remedy he proposes to restore America to economic health are worthy of serious consideration."

"I CONTEND," said Senator Borah in his speech at Burley, Idaho, "that a dollar which takes three times as much wheat, four times as much cotton, three times as much pork to buy as it would have taken three years ago, is not an honest dollar.

"It is not a sound dollar. It is a dishonest dollar. It cheats the toiler between the time he eats his breakfast and the time he returns for his supper."

Painting a dark picture of the economic situation, he emphasizes the need for action—

"When homes are being lost, farms abandoned or taken for taxes, agriculture sinking further into the mire of debt, business in distress, and ten million men and women asking for work and unable to find it, the supreme question is: How shall we escape the devastating effect of these various economic forces?"

Then turning to "the great fundamental problems, upon which all others depend," he presents his program:

"1. World markets have been destroyed, and the great problem is how to restore them. Until we do so we can not hope for a rise in the price of commodities.

"2. The monetary systems of the world have been broken up and demoralized, and the problem is how to restore them and how to adapt them to present conditions. Until we do so we can not hope for that confidence which brings prosperity to business.

"3. The last twenty-five years have witnessed such an increase of waste and extravagance in the Government, from the lowest unit of government to the highest, that taxes are now literally destructive—to own property is to invite ruin. The expenditure of public money approaches a national crime.

"4. By reason of adverse economic forces and the change in money values, debts have piled up, beginning with the farm and ending with government, until men are no longer working with a view to build, to construct, to develop, but to pay, as it were, for a dead horse.

"These are the problems for which answer must be found."

SAYING that the honest dollar is "precisely what we desire," but that the dollar we have to-day is not an honest one, he continues:

"Nobody is proposing to abandon the gold standard, altho twenty-eight nations have done so. But it is my contention that much can be added to the use of gold, and with perfect safety. We have sufficient gold in this country to give a basis for a sufficient amount of currency with which to do business and afford the people a medium of exchange."

And in another speech, we read, Senator Borah said that the Federal Government would be justified in issuing $5,000,000,000 of additional currency.

"Partly Right, Partly Borah."

That is the caption on an editorial in *The Wall Street Journal*, which says he "is proposing, not the repair of the world's broken monetary systems, but the destruction of those which still remain intact, not the restoration of international commodity markets, but the raising of still more obstacles to their resumption."

"Having detailed the evils that occur to his ever-active mind, where does he leave us?" asks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and the Newark *Evening News* picks up the thread:

"He thinks it necessary to adjust postwar problems in order to bring prosperity back. Doesn't everybody?

"He wants the expenditure of public money curbed and taxes reduced. The populace joins in the hurrah.

Me, Too!

—Pease in the Newark "News."

"He doesn't like paying for a dead horse, which is one of the great unpleasantnesses of the depression. Neither does anybody else.

"Finally, he wants an 'honest' dollar, as everybody else does, only his idea of sound money is unorthodox."

"SENATOR BORAH is right, however," asserts the Galveston *Daily News*, "in saying that 'if public opinion can be organized around these problems, and how to deal with them, I have no fear that all political parties will be found traveling in that direction'"—

"If it is his purpose to organize public opinion, he has cut out a man-size job for himself. Nevertheless, it is a task which needs to be undertaken by some leader of great prestige and independence."

"Constructive and courageous" is the Borah program, in the view of the Philadelphia *Record:*

"All four parts of the Borah program are vitally interconnected. World recovery can not come until the United States has revived business by inflation.

"Government economy can not be effected until there is international agreement to reduce the enormous sums being exacted from the taxpayer to support armaments far greater than those before the war. And reduction of tariff barriers to restore world markets is impossible until the world's currencies have been stabilized and its political jealousies allayed.

"The task outlined by Senator Borah is a gigantic one, but no genuine recovery is possible until it has been performed."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

NATURE seems to have taken up the loose-leaf system.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

WHAT our Government needs is more pruning and less grafting.—*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

ANOTHER way to provide jobs for all able-bodied men is to keep on nagging Japan.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

MAYBE if there were more frog-skins in circulation there would be less croaking.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

THE great defect of the American system is that only the party out of power really knows how to run the Government.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

THERE isn't much chance that immediate beer will be any more immediate than near-beer is near.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WE read of a farmer who wants the county to take his place for a poor-farm site so he won't have to move.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

WE dislike to disillusion you, but that corner around which they now say prosperity is turning isn't located on Easy Street.—*Atlanta Journal.*

THE United States has recognized the new Government of Chile. It would save paper, however, to let the recognition stand in blank.—*Dallas News.*

IF we understand the news from the Far East, the new Government of Manchuria is not clearly recognized by the Manchurians, either.—*The New Yorker.*

"WHO," asks an ardent Southern orator, "would countenance the idea of robbing Peter to pay Paul?" Well, we dunno, unless it might be Paul.—*Boston Herald.*

MONTAGU NORMAN, head of the Bank of England, says nobody knows the cure for the depression. Oh! boy, page Huey Long and ask him to go over to London and do a bit of missionary work.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

A SHOEMAKER charged recently with bigamy exprest a preference for his second wife. Every cobbler should stick to his last.—*Punch (London).*

"TAX-COLLECTORS require brains and industry," declares a writer. If that was all they required, we shouldn't mind so much.—*The Humorist (London).*

THE entire District of Columbia has been converted into a bird preserve. There were enough lame ducks and cooked geese up there without further casualties.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

STILL, that San Francisco janitor who fell into a barrel of indelible ink might pick up a pretty penny hiring himself out to the visiting literati as local color.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"Too many bridge players," says an expert, "do not take their bridge seriously enough." Yes, lots of them play it as tho it were a game or something.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

I SOMETIMES think that I shall never see
A grafter who is working on a tree.
—*Brunswick Pilot.*

A CORRESPONDENCE school is offering to inmates of prisons a special course in writing. In a way, this school has the same idea we've had for a long time—that there are not enough writers in jail.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

THE lady who gets her face lifted is taking a stitch in time.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

WORN-OUT films are sold as old junk. But why wait till they are worn out?—*Punch.*

IT appears that the Insulls paid most attention to the tills in their utilities.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

ABOUT the time the people had ceased to believe in hell, along came the depression.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

THE electoral college continues to function, altho it flunks out half the enrolment every November and graduates the other half.—*Dallas News.*

The Echo Heard 'Round the World—
—Costello in the Albany "Evening News."

THE only office in our governmental system that seeks the man is the district attorney's office.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

AFTER all, it was Manchuria Japan said she didn't want. She didn't mention Manchukuo.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

IT may be that Japan's main trouble is that she didn't play a sufficiently painful part in the last World War.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AT times we wonder if the old-fashioned method of bleeding patients that the doctors formerly used were not the better one after all.—*Atlanta Journal.*

MEN'S suits, say the style experts, are being worn looser-fitting. The question is whether that is due to their tailors or their tables.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

ABBE DIMNET thinks that this country needs a saint. Looking at the deficits, we've got an idea that an angel is what it needs even more just now.—*Boston Herald.*

AKRON, Ohio, Communists have demanded of city council a $15-a-week dole for every jobless man, free housing, free food, unemployment insurance, pensions, no work, and control of the charity fund. We take it they've already got chauffeurs and valets.—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE Community Chests are now appealing to civic pride—the idea being, of course, that you have to fill out your Chest to keep up your chin.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

THE main difficulty now appears to be to get hold of some of the gentlemen who started holding concerns that turned out to be folding concerns.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"ONCE invincible football teams," says a sports writer, "are to-day being upset by the hundreds." Or, at any rate, by the scores.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE old-time watering-places in Europe are not doing as much business as they once did, says a travel item. Neither are those in and about Wall Street.—*Boston Herald.*

A FRENCH philosopher says that man first became conscious of sin 5,000 years ago. The cycle is just about completed—he is practically unconscious of it again.—*Atlanta Journal.*

OLD Mother Earth betrays some more of the eternal feminine. She has been concealing some seven billion years of her age, according to Professor Einstein.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AN Oregon apartment janitor was among those imprest into service to put out one of the forest fires raging in that district, as his long experience suggested him at once for the emergency.—*Detroit News.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The March of the Jobless on London

SENSATIONAL STORIES that thousands of angry and sullen unemployed were marching on London frightened foreigners into the belief that England was on the verge of a workers' revolution.

But they don't know English sanity, declare some London editors, who ridicule rumors of revolution as "nonsense."

Nevertheless, other London editors declare that such demonstrations as those witnessed in the British capital raise the question whether social order or anarchy is to prevail in England.

The high fever-point of the so-called and miscalled "hunger marchers" was reached on October 30, when mounted and foot police saved Buckingham Palace, where King George and Queen Mary were in residence, and the official residences of Downing Street, from attack by thousands of the maddened unemployed after a hard battle at Trafalgar Square.

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"Hunger Marcher" Gets a Ride in "The Wagon"

BOOED by an enraged crowd of unemployed and their sympathizers, London Associated Press dispatches relate, British "bobbies" were forced to retreat at least once as the mob attempted to swarm streets leading to Buckingham Palace and Westminster.

The crowd was finally forced back into Trafalgar Square, where the loudest voices of British Communism and unemployed leaders were raised in condemnation of the Government.

It was not until well after dark, we read, that normal appearance was restored to Trafalgar Square and the vicinity, and traffic was able to make its way. By that time the unemployed, escorted by mounted police, had drawn off to the music of fifes and Scottish bagpipes. The march on London began in Scotland.

THE next step of the demonstrators was to attempt to send a deputation of fifty jobless men and women to the House of Commons on November 1, to present a petition, said to bear 1,000,000 names, demanding abolition of the "means test" and restoration of the 10 per cent. cut in the unemployment benefits and of the cuts in the social services.

An important fact to be noticed at once, say British spokesmen, is that the unemployed rioting in London can not properly be called "hunger marchers."

One spokesman, the Marquess of Reading, British statesman, declared at a luncheon of the British Empire Chamber of Commerce in the United States, that these demonstrations are protests against the "means test," which withholds the benefits of unemployment insurance from those who have other means.

If that test should be dropt, he is quoted further as saying in New York, the result would be a considerable increase in taxation for an already overburdened population.

The sharp division of outlook on the riots among English and Scottish editors is revealed in editorials cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST.

While some, in one breath, pooh-pooh the idea of even a possibility of revolution in England, in the next they demand that Communist mischief-makers and other irresponsible demonstrators should be forbidden to mass in the streets of English cities.

But another section of the press is outspoken in its warnings that these manifestations are no haphazard affairs and require the sharpest vigilance.

SUCH is the contrast of view-point to be noted in the following cabled editorials. For instance, *The Daily Mail* (Ind. Cons.) has this to say:

"Wild tales of 'thousands of starving unemployed marching on London' have been telegraphed abroad and swallowed as if gospel truth. One consequence has been that the value of the pound sterling has fallen.

"Timid foreigners who know nothing of English sanity jumped to the conclusion that a revolution was imminent. There has never been greater nonsense.

"The people at the bottom of the trouble in Great Britain are a mere handful of Communist mischief-makers, egging on the most irresponsible element of the unemployed, and they should be firmly dealt with.

"The time has come when these disorderly processions should no longer be permitted on the streets of our great cities. They are a pernicious interference with business and industry. They should be forbidden at once."

IN contrast, alarm is evinced in the comment of the London *Times* (Ind.), which warns against the mistake of making little of the outbreaks in London. Examining the technique of organized disturbers, this newspaper remarks:

"It may be asked what can Communists hope to gain from these organized disorders. The answer is there. The technique of the revolution in one part is to bring the 'proletariat' in sharp conflict with the forces of the law.

"The rioters were instructed both to fraternize with the crowd and to provoke the police, in fact, to do all in their power to set the public against the exercise of authority.

"Only those who are ignorant of both the history of revolutions and the nature of mob psychology make little of these attempts. They are cunningly organized, involve powerful forces, and are carefully timed to be dangerous.

"Let us always remember that these demonstrations cover the greater issue of whether this country is to continue along the lines of individual liberty and social order, or slope down through Socialism to Anarchy."

The London *Star* (Lib.) can understand why foreigners should misinterpret the Trafalgar Square and other demonstrations. But at the same time it points out that London, as the capital,

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is the logical target for those who have protests to make, and it says:

"The people in the country have been taught to believe that Parliament can help them. To many of them the one important thing about London is that Parliament sits there.

"Nothing is more natural than that men, ready to clutch at any straw, should want to have their plea heard in the one place where it may take effect.

"The elements which took advantage of the circumstances to vent their love for trouble were the enemies of society, men and women without even a clear idea behind their mud-throwing.

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London Mounted Police Scattering a Mob

"Doubless these incidents are misunderstood abroad, but Hyde Park and its orators have always proved incredible to foreigners. We do not believe that such a demonstration and such a crowd could have been permitted in the heart of any other capital without really serious results."

THE Edinburgh *Evening Dispatch* (Cons.) points out that even when the demonstrators are peaceful there is always risk of trouble from the riffraff on hand at such times. And it observes:

"The demonstration of unemployed marchers in London occurred 'according to plan.' Those who hoped to see it accompanied by public disorder were not disappointed—that is, those Communist and other agitators whose sole purpose is the creation of unrest and disturbances. It looks as if these activities are to be sedulously cultivated during the ensuing weeks."

To understand "the means test," the root of the London outbreaks, we may turn to *The News-Chronicle* of that city, which is informing:

"The Means Test was brought into operation on November 12, 1931, under the National Economy Act.

"An Order in Council imposed on local authorities the duty of determining the needs of persons then in receipt of transitional benefit under the Unemployment Insurance Acts, and of other persons who ceased to be entitled to ordinary benefit by reason of the restriction of benefit to a period of twenty-six weeks in a year.

"Public Assistance Committees were instructed to 'deal with each case as if they were estimating the need of an unemployed, able-bodied person who had applied for public assistance, but as if such assistance could only be given in money.'

"The local authority was to inquire into the applicant's circumstances and determine the amount, if any, at which transitional payment should be assessed, but not exceeding in any event the full rate of benefit. In other words, the existing Poor Law tests were to apply in applications for transitional benefit."

Bolivia-Paraguay Truce Snagged

A LITTLE PEACE AT HOME would make it easier for Bolivia to reach a truce with Paraguay in the hostilities between the two countries contending for the swampy wilderness known as the Gran Chaco.

So think some editors who note that amid violence and disorders in La Paz, the Bolivian capital, the nation had four cabinets in two weeks.

Meanwhile, the Paraguayan War Ministry claims the capture of the Bolivian Fort Fernandez, which is situated on the road between Fort Arce and Fort Platanillos.

Altho unimportant as a military position, Asuncion (Paraguay) press cables report that Fort Fernandez is the eighteenth Bolivian stronghold taken by Paraguay in addition to the recapture of six Paraguayan forts which the Bolivians took early in the dash for Puerto Casado, which began in June.

A picturesque contingent of the Paraguayan forces, Asuncion Associated Press dispatches report, is a regiment of 500 swarthy giants recruited in the Yerba Maté Paraguayan tea-fields, who are nicknamed in Guarani dialect "the monkey heads," because of the fur caps some of them wear.

THEY are in the forefront of the Paraguayan drives to expel Bolivians from Chaco. Armed with machetes and rifles, and with knives in their boots, they fight elbow to elbow, cutting their way through jungle undergrowths beside smartly uniformed young officers turned out by the military academy at Asuncion. The "monkey heads" are said to typify the last survival of antiquated fighting methods almost outgrown in Paraguay.

While they were hewing their way through the Chaco wilderness, La Paz (Bolivia) press dispatches report that the homes of Presidents Montes and Saavedra were attacked, and the building of the oppositionist newspaper *La Republica* was stoned and almost wrecked.

After the outbreak, it seems, an order was issued by the Prefect of the Department of La Paz, forbidding public gatherings and demonstrations that are ascribed to popular resentment against the loss of territory and forts to Paraguay in the disputed Chaco region.

Meanwhile negotiations to end the fighting and to compose the conflicting claims of Bolivia and Paraguay are snagged. Both Bolivia and Paraguay had agreed to negotiate under the auspices of the Commission of Neutrals at Washington, which is made up of representatives of five neutral nations—United States, Cuba, Colombia, Mexico, and Uruguay. The neutrals, according to United Press Washington dispatches, proposed that Bolivia and Paraguay sign an agreement including these points:

"Separation of troops in the Chaco area.

"Demobilization of reserve troops of both countries.

"Reduction and limitation for a stated period of the regular Army in both Bolivia and Paraguay.

"The proposal further envisaged sending of a neutral military commission to report on how the combatants complied with these measures."

Cables to THE LITERARY DIGEST from the Latin-American press give a near view of the long-drawn-out contest between

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Bolivia and Paraguay. And in them may be read some indication of peace prospects, or the contrary.

Naturally, the Bolivian press is so engrossed in the kaleidoscopic changes of cabinets that they can't even think about the possible cessation of Chaco hostilities. But in Asuncion (Paraguay), *El Diario* declares:

"Paraguay can not be deprived of the right to eject Bolivians from Paraguayan territory. Therefore, Paraguay can not accept cessation of hostilities in which this right is ignored.

"The opportunity to leave things as they were has passed forever since Paraguay did not take up the gauntlet in order to talk of postponing the question when the issue is precisely at the moment of definitely settling the question of frontiers.

"No country in the world ever accepted a truce with the risk of losing what it had gained on the battle-field, on which it had been challenged by an intransigeant aggressor."

THE Rio de Janeiro *Diario da Noticias* is convinced that the people in Bolivia are "infected with war fever and anxious to fight," but, it points out:

"The governments, realizing the gravity of the situation, are inclined to seek arbitration. However, they can not override popular enthusiasm without risking deposition.

"America can not countenance a war which is little better than an absurdity, and must talk frankly with both countries and show them that arbitration is the only way to solve the difficulties. However late, we hope that they will understand that this is so."

La Prensa of Buenos Aires is gratified that both Bolivia and Paraguay showed signs at least of willingness to submit the Chaco conflict to arbitration, but it adds:

"It is lamentable that this should only become possible after a series of sanguinary encounters had been effected without formal declaration of war. However, it is a healthy reaction on which we congratulate both governments.

"The legal situation of the litigants has not been modified by the changed military positions and the reconquest of the forts. The rights of neither have been lost or gained by the appeal to arms."

Japanese Slams at the League

THE League's last days are approaching, say some Japanese editors, who are convinced by the Lytton Report that the League of Nations should be dissolved.

During the past year, acidly remarks the Tokyo *Miyako*, the League has lost much of its prestige through "reckless interference." It was dragged into the Manchurian conflict by China, and was forced to deal with a situation which it obviously had no power to solve, according to this newspaper, and it adds:

"To-day it is clear to every observer that if at the outset the League had had courage enough to reject China's demand for interference, the Manchurian dispute would have been settled long ago, possibly before the independence of Manchukuo, through direct negotiations between Tokyo and Nanking.

"In future, the best course the League can follow to save itself from difficulties, and ultimately safeguard its very existence, is to abstain from the Chino-Japanese disputes as far as possible."

The *Miyako* also contends that the League has lost its influence even in the European sphere. So if the situation continues to develop as at present, this newspaper argues, the League will be dissolved as an unnecessary organization."

Soviet Russia's New Railroad

RALLYING CALLS TO THE COMMUNIST PARTY, to the workers, and to the country at large are heard in the Soviet press to speed up the completion of the new Moscow-Donbass railway, which will form a direct connection between the capital of the Soviet Union and the Donietz Basin, Russia's richest coal region.

The work has not moved as fast as some Soviet editors think it should, and they are outspoken in their criticism and explanations.

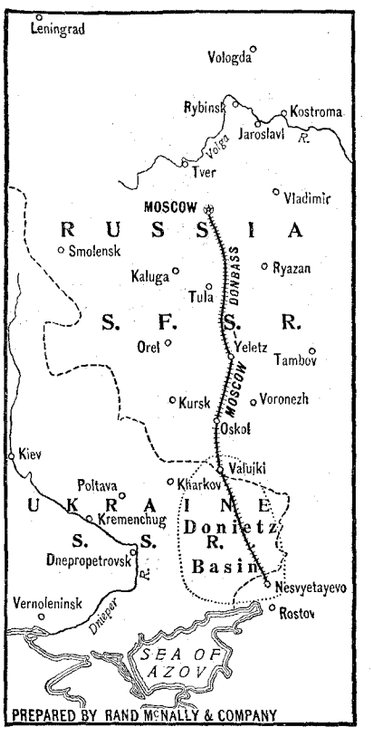
But in the end they express confidence that the mistakes made so far will be corrected and overcome in true Bolshevik fashion, so that "with the help of the public opinion of the whole Soviet Union," this railroad of paramount importance will be completed within the time limit set by the plan.

The great need for the railroad is plainly shown in *Izvestia*, official organ of the Soviet Government:

"Our industries require more coal every year. Developing at an unprecedented pace, they make ever-growing demands upon our coal-fields in general, and upon the Donietz Coal Basin in particular.

"In 1913, 25.2 million tons of coal were mined in the Donietz Basin. In 1931, this abundant storehouse of the Soviet Union gave us 50 per cent. more than in 1913. This is coincident with the increased exportation of coal from the Basin to the coal-consuming regions in general. The railroads now crossing the Basin, which lead to the cities of Voronezh and Kursk, are working under great pressure. Yet they can not cope with the task of transmitting the needed stream of coal from the Basin to the north.

"This lack has made it imperative to get a new outlet for the Donietz Basin's coal, and thus end the confusion and the congestion of freights on the two existing lines."



To Keep Russia in Coal

The Moscow-Donbass railway, under construction, which will spread the product of Russia's richest coal region where it is most needed.

So the Soviet Government decided in April, 1932, we are told, to begin construction immediately of a powerful double-track railroad, the Moscow-Donbass. The new line is to include a small railway, Valuiki-Ozherelye, built long ago, but to be completely rebuilt. The terminal of the Moscow-Donbass line will be the Nesvyetayevsky mines, shown on the accompanying map.

According to plan, the Moscow-Donbass railroad should be in working order by August 1, 1933, yet, *Izvestia* advises us:

"It must be confessed, however, that its construction proceeds unsatisfactorily. In July and August, for instance, only 28 per cent. of track building planned for these months was done. In the same period only 6.9 per cent. of the buildings planned had been completed.

"The situation is especially unsatisfactory in the Venevsky region, where only 17 per cent. of the construction work planned for these two months is finished. This is all the more reprehensible because the Venevsky portion of the road was to be ready for operation about October 1, 1932."

Izvestia expresses considerable indignation that the Soviet railway builders are so "disappointingly unable to live up to the plan."

But, it candidly admits, there is a lack of technical equipment, the work is not sufficiently well organized, and there are certain labor difficulties. In this official organ's own words—

"Our heavy industries and the Chief Administration of Railroad Building have not supplied the builders of the road with even half the equipment which they undertook to provide."

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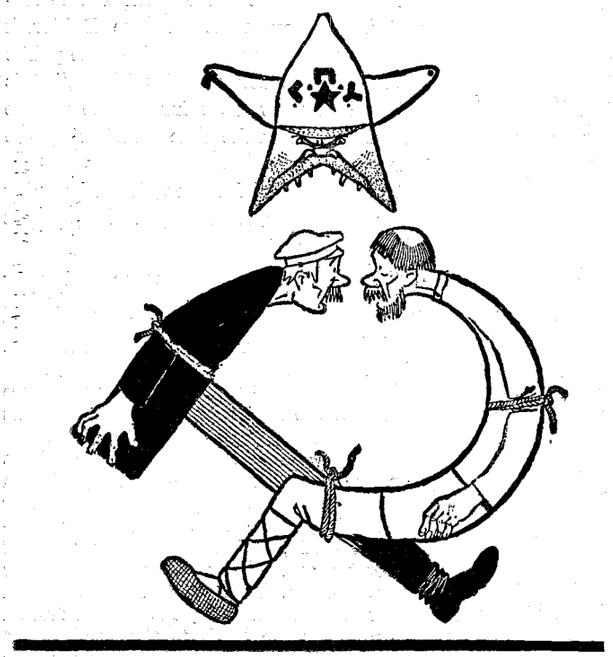
Why the "Reds" Thrive in China

ONLY PART OF CHINA is now "Red."

But the day is not far distant, Moscow editors predict, when that will be the universal color of the country.

They feel sure of it because of reports in the Chinese press of the victories of the Chinese Red Army and of the progress of the Chinese Soviet régime in Southern and Central China.

Enthusiastically *Pravda*, official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party in Moscow, collects the evidence of Red prosperity in China. What is more, the Chinese newspapers which *Pravda* cites are not Communist organs, it assures us, but journals that support the Kuomintang, or Nationalist party, which makes up the Nanking Government, and has nothing but hate for the Chinese Reds.



German Satire

"The Hammer and Sickle of freedom under Soviet rule."
—"Rheinische Warte" (Coblenz).

EXPLAINING first the reason why the Nanking troops can not cope effectively with the Chinese Red Army, *Pravda* alleges that the Nationalist soldiers are badly paid, badly fed, and utterly disorganized. *Pravda* quotes a Dairen Chinese-language newspaper, *Manchu Pao*, as charging that the Nanking offensives against the Reds fail because the Nationalist soldiers either go over to the Red ranks or else throw away their arms and flee, telling their officers, who urge them to fight:

"We are not such fools as to fight when we are not paid."

Then *Manchu Pao* adds:

"Generally speaking, our soldiers and officers do not want to fight against the Reds. If they are taken prisoners by the Communists, they are well fed and given an opportunity to go to theaters. Moreover, they are at liberty either to join the Red ranks or to go home."

But perhaps the most complete picture of Soviet methods in China appears in *Ta Kung Pao*, an independent newspaper of Tientsin, which *Pravda* quotes as follows:

"The Soviet Government in Hunan Province decrees the prices of rice. The families of those who serve in the Red Army receive rice at the lowest of the fixt prices.

"That Government also coins money of its own. On this money, one sees the scythe, the hammer, and the rifle, which symbolize the union of peasants, workmen, and soldiers.

"In the territories controlled by the Chinese Soviets certain merchandise is lacking; but merchants smuggle it into these regions.

"Likewise, the Communists apparently buy arms from the soldiers of the Nanking armies.

"The chief military force of the Soviets is the Red Army. Each company in this Army numbers ninety bayonets. Not everybody can become a Red Army soldier. Then the Soviets have the detachments of Red Partizans.

"Finally, there are the Red Guards, organized as an irregular auxiliary force by peasant unions.

"The boys and girls below the age of fifteen form the so-called Pioneer organization, and the youths from fifteen to twenty join the Union of Young Communists.

"The Pioneers and the Young Communists do the patrol service or work as messengers. Women make the soldiers' clothing and also work as nurses. Old women cook the soldiers' food, or else, together with children, play the rôle of spies."

Pravda then asserts that this Tientsin journal, *Ta Kung Pao*, concedes that the Chinese Red Army, which was weak and poorly organized a year ago, has now greatly improved. Last year, it points out, the Red Army could not withstand airplane attacks, but now—

"The Fifth Nanking airplane squadron, which was sent to the southern part of Hunan to combat the Reds was shot at by the latter, and some of the pilots were wounded.

"Moreover, the Reds now have airplanes of their own. Only recently their airplanes threw propaganda leaflets over Machen, in Eastern Hupeh."

LENINIST schools are opened in the Chinese regions occupied by the Communists, this Tientsin newspaper goes on to say. Everybody, as far as their gaining a livelihood permits, is bound to attend the schools, without distinction of age or sex. And *Ta Kung Pao* continues:

"People are taught, too, at various gatherings and meetings. The old Chinese literature and the Kuomintang books are prohibited. The men who emerge from these schools radically differ in their outlook from the old Chinese.

"They know the teachings of Karl Marx. If you tell them that Sun Yat Sen was a good man, it means for them that he was a friend of Lenin, for otherwise, in their opinion, he could not possibly have been a good man."

The Shanghai *Shun Pao*, a Kuomintang organ, is quoted by *Pravda* as saying that the people in sections controlled by the Soviets carry out all the orders issued by the Red Government. What is more, we are informed by this Chinese newspaper that:

"Each village has sentinels of its own. These sentinels, as soon as they notice approaching forces, warn the villagers, and the latter flee in all directions, so that our troops never have any one to tell them in what direction the Reds have retreated.

"Moreover, with the approach of troops the people take away their foodstuffs to the mountains. The troops can not carry more than one or two days' food rations with them, and so they can not stay long in the Red regions."

Pravda also cites the editor of a Singapore Chinese-language newspaper, who was amazed to find that when the Red Chinese take possession of a place they do not indulge in massacre.

On the contrary, these Soviet Chinese display the greatest courtesy and do not in any way terrorize the population. All of this the Singapore editor learned from Chinese press dispatches sent to his newspaper, and he remarks:

"While reading these dispatches, I was horror-stricken. Indeed, if the Communists pursue such a peaceful and wise policy toward the population of the regions occupied by them, we will experience still greater difficulties in our anti-Communist expeditions, and it will be even harder for us to struggle against them than it is now."

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Whistler's "Mother" Revisits Home

SHE COMES BACK, PERHAPS, TO SHAME us for our blindness.

Of course, it is a portrait—perhaps the greatest and most enduring of all Whistler's work—that the French acquired forty years ago for a paltry four hundred dollars.

This portrait has been loaned by the Louvre in Paris to the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and comes to America for its second visit, just half a century after it was shown here first.

It is the picture, says H. I. Brock in the New York *Times* Magazine, that has "come to be a sort of symbol of the dignity and patience of motherhood," so it is a grateful service Mr. Brock does in making us better acquainted with the woman herself.

"It is an American Puritan mother who sits so gravely and so quietly within the frame, which is the window through which her son has given us the privilege of looking at her."

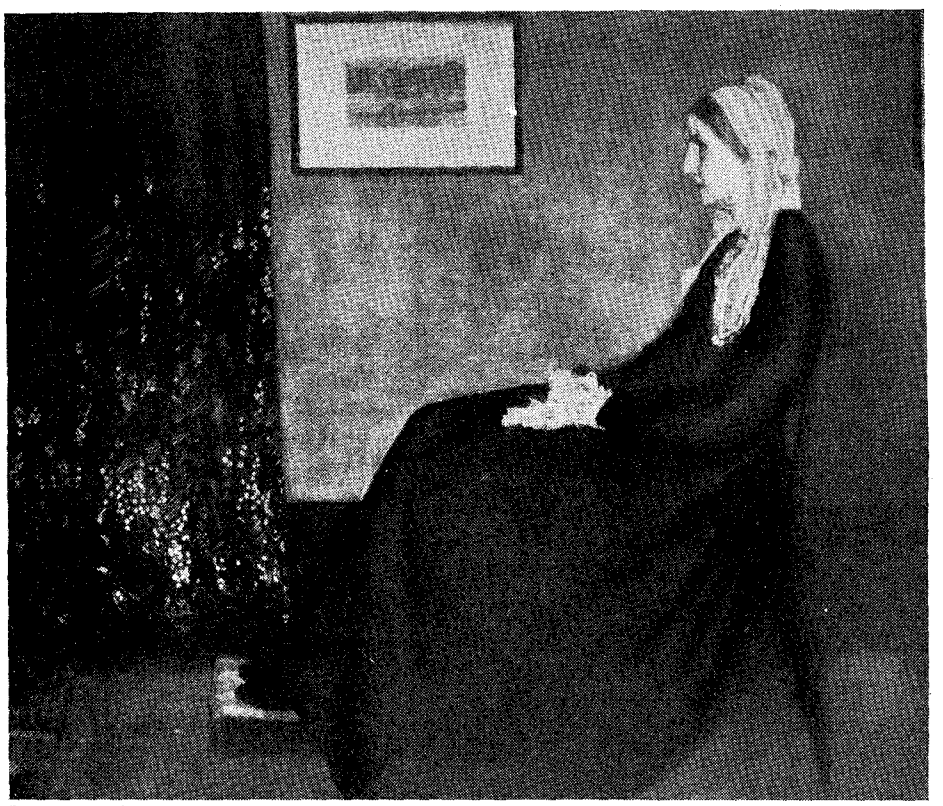
WHISTLER evidently imbibed more reverence for the mother than for the Puritan, as his picture seems to prove.

Let us introduce Mrs. Whistler:

"Anna Matilda McNeill her name was before this New England lady of evident Scottish descent became the wife of Maj. George Washington Whistler. Harper Pennington describes her as a 'stern Presbyterian,' holding to 'strict Sabbatarian' views.

"Willingly would she have taken her son's paint-brushes away from him—as she had used to take away his toys when he was a child in Lowell, Massachusetts, where he was born—when on Sunday in Chelsea he dutifuily took her to church and left her there while he came back to his studio to work.

"She taught all her children to recite verses of the Psalms every morning before breakfast, and her diary shows that she kept up the custom in Europe. But she was not a Puritan merely.



Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art

"Arrangement in Grey and Black"

So Whistler called the painting but the world knows it as the portrait of his mother.

"In St. Petersburg and in London she stuck to her native victuals, fed her family on good American fare—hot biscuits, and even real pumpkin pie along with the Thanksgiving turkey right on the banks of the Neva or the margin of the Thames.

"For this American Puritan mother, of Scots descent, was curiously transplanted to alien soil. She found herself with her children in the Russian capital in 1843, and had to see her boys partly educated there among the Muscovites—James, or Jemmie, from nine years old to fifteen, except for intervals spent at school in England.

"Major Whistler, the father, had left the United States Army to build waterways and railways. At this time he was building for Czar Nicholas I the rail line from St. Petersburg to Moscow, laid out straight across the map with a ruler in the imperial hand.

"Major Whistler died in 1849, and the widow went back to New England to finish the education of her children properly. She distributed tracts after the best contemporary pattern of good works away from home, and carried on the family discipline.

"Whistler himself said that she would have chosen to have him a minister. He was not that way inclined. The next choice was the Army—his father's profession. Accordingly, James was got into West Point, where, at the moment (1853), the commandant was Col. Robert E. Lee.

"When, after a series of escapades, shocking exhibitions of poor horsemanship, and a flirtation with a French maid, camouflaged as 'hunting for his cat,' his career as a cadet was terminated because he knew no more of chemistry than to nominate silicon a gas, he turned to the pursuit of art.

"The 'straight and narrow path' did not, in his good mother's opinion, run the free way of the artist's life, tho she takes proud note in her diary of the boy's precocious artistic gifts."

WHEN the Civil War "stalked on the stage," Mrs. Whistler went to London to live with "Jemmie," and—

"The gossipy Pennells tell us that Mrs. Whistler presided with grace and charm over the breakfasts which her son made famous in London before White House breakfasts were heard of in Washington, and that American dishes were a specialty. Whistler was a most considerate son, and the Presbyterian mother unbent graciously to his friends.

"Among these was Swinburne, who lived not far away with George Meredith and D. G. Rossetti. Once Swinburne fell ill in Whistler's house, and the old lady nursed him. Afterward, having got well and stayed away quite a while, Swinburne sat at Mrs. Whistler's feet and sulked. 'I used to be Algernon,' he said. 'You have not been to see us for a long time,' she replied. 'When you come around as you used to do you shall be Algernon again.'

"Here it was that Whistler painted his mother's picture. Even the Pennells do not know exactly when the portrait was painted or how many sittings there were. Probably he prescribed exactly how his mother was to be drest, as he did for other sitters.

"At all events, the 'Mother' was hung in the Royal Academy show in 1872, getting in only because Sir William Boxall, one of the artist's few supporters in the Academy, literally pried the door open for it—the last picture of Whistler's that did get into the Academy.

"Whistler explained that it was interesting to him as his mother's portrait, but to the public it was offered only as the 'Arrangement in Grey and Black'—which was the title. To

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Harper Pennington, however, he said (according to the Pennells), 'One does like to make one's mummy as nice as possible.'

"Carlyle was fetched in to see the picture and liked it. Thus it happened that Whistler painted Carlyle's portrait in a very similar 'Arrangement of Grey and Black,' tho the old man looks fretful where Mrs. Whistler seems so extraordinarily still. The scolding both pictures got from the critics shows how far taste in art (and portraits in particular) has changed in half a century."

THE "Mother" suffered many storms before it came to its proud position in the Art Pantheon of the French nation:

"The 'Mother' was described by one critic as a lady in mournful garb 'sitting in a solemn chamber,' the whole 'stiff and ugly enough to repel many.' Tom Taylor of *The Times* and *Punch* declared that it ignored 'all accepted canons of good drawing, good color, and good painting.' One puzzled gallery-hound was so confounded that to him 'criticism and admiration' seemed 'alike impossible.' He did not know whether the artist was playing a joke on the spectator or had something the matter with his eyes.

"At the French Salon of 1883 the 'Mother' won a third-class medal. This was the only award Whistler ever received at the Salon, whence in the days of his beginnings in Paris he had been driven, along with the whole lot of art insurrectionists, realists, and impressionists—Fantin Latour, Manet, and so on—to the Salon des Refusés! That did not prevent the arrived Whistler from becoming a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1889. Two years later the 'Mother' was bought (for a mere 2,000 francs, $400) for the Luxembourg, there to wait, till the artist died, for promotion to the Louvre.

"The painting has belonged to the French Government since it was purchased in 1891 at the instance of no less a person than Georges Clemenceau.

"In 1881 and 1882, when it was shown in Philadelphia and New York, nobody in America could be found willing to pay $1,000 or $1,200, the asking price."

At Ninety-five

Mrs. Charlotte Prentiss Browning recalls the neighbor across the way—Fenimore Cooper.

She Remembers Fenimore Cooper

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!

FENIMORE COOPER WAS NOT EXACTLY a Shelley, but he figures large in our American arcana; and a woman lives in Cooperstown, New York, who saw Cooper plain, and believes she is "the only person living to-day with personal recollections" of the novelist.

Mrs. Charlotte Prentiss Browning draws a picture of the man—"an intimate little sketch from a childish hand, for Fenimore Cooper's life was moving toward its eventide as my young day dawned."

She is now ninety-five, and publishes the story of her life in "Full Harvest" (Dorrence and Co., Inc.), and the portrait she draws of Cooper she believes "will do justice to the spirit of a man who was my friend, one whose spirit was too often crucified by the misunderstanding and blindness of his contemporaries."

First the man:

"Physically, he imprest me as a man of enormous stature. He seemed much taller to me than the six feet that he actually stood, with massive shoulders on which was set a proud head with its shock of iron-gray hair, and deep-set, gray eyes, always alert beneath overhanging brows. He was a very handsome figure of a man.

"His generous nose, wide mouth and firm, clean-shaven chin bespoke a character of determination, frankness, and generosity, all three traits that he demonstrated in his attitude toward those who knew him best.

"Mr. Cooper was not a man of great means at any time in his life, and I am under the impression that his lack of funds often led to the belief that he was ungenerous, but I know this to be in error.

"Toward little children his attitude was habitually one of friendliness and camaraderie, unless a child should arouse his ire by acts of ill-breeding or dishonesty, at which time his eyes flashed fires which struck terror to the guilty soul, and his facile tongue spoke words that the culprit was likely to remember long.

"Often, especially in his later years, Mr. Cooper walked the streets of Cooperstown with head bent, or thrown back to allow his eyes to rest on the distant hills, and his thoughts, doubtless, to stray into the realms of fancy as he laid out the mental plan for some new story.

"At such times he might pass people, even one of his very youthful friends, for whom he always had a kind word, without apparently seeing them at all. His great eyes might seem to look through rather than at them, a habit which caused some to attribute to him a coldness or 'high-hat' attitude, which I am sure was foreign to his nature.

"The most vivid picture that I carry of the man is that of him escorting Mrs. Cooper with a courtly courtesy, that always marked his manner, to the buggy from 'The Hall' (which was just across the street from our house on Main Street), the sun shining on his face as he smiled a greeting and waved a friendly hand to a little girl who might chance to be sitting on her front steps watching him across the way.

"Almost every day this tableau was repeated, Mr. Cooper on such occasions usually being drest in a yellowish-brown coat, dark trousers, and a straw hat, somewhat the worse for wear. A cravat tied in a loose knot or bow flowed across his bosom.

"Mrs. Cooper always wore the same little hat tied beneath her chin, with a lace veil draped over it, and a shawl thrown around her shoulders.

"I shall never forget the picture they made as he assisted her to her seat. No young girl being courted by her most ardent suitor could have been handed into her carriage with greater

Bards Going Strong

IF PRESIDENT HOOVER thinks the country needs a soul-stirring poem to inspire courage in this difficult time, isn't there one among all the outpourings that L. H. Robbins enumerates in the New York *Times* Magazine to answer the President's call? Observe:

"Alfred E. Smith is amazed at the floods of verse that swamp an editor's mail box. A league is formed to coax the nation to choose a poet laureate. The annual dinner of the Poetry Society brings out 300 poetry lovers at $3.50 a plate. *The Readers' Guide* lists 7,380 poems published in English-printing magazines in the three and one-half years ended last June.

"Another poetry checker lowers his gaze to include metropolitan newspapers and counts 5,500 poems from 1,600 Americans in a single year. A Florida songbird reports that 40,000 poets in the United States are 'openly' practising their art.

"Mining deeper in the clippings: Poets win prizes. Poets win fellowships. Poets are invited to reside at colleges and serve as 'poetic radiators.' A traveling poet is welcomed at the State line by a Governor and a brass band. Julian Huxley, biologist, explains that he writes poetry 'as an outlet' and to keep his mind 'from getting lopsided.'

"The editions of Edwin Arlington Robinson's 'Tristram' are as the sands of the sea. Stephen Vincent Benet's 'John Brown's Body' goes marching into more than 100,000 copies. Miss Millay's 'The Buck in the Snow' has a first printing of 20,000. Robert Frost's 'North of Boston' scores 23,000. A large anthology of 'best poetry' sells 80,000 in nine weeks. Mr. Untermeyer's reaches the phenomenal total of 144,000. A small one, distributed by the 5-and-10 stores without benefit of reviews or ads or window displays, passes the half-million mark.

"The news columns uphold Frederick G. Melcher, book-publishing authority, in his opinion that this day is the greatest for poetry that two generations have seen."

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care and courtesy than was Susan Cooper, the companion of her squire for nearly half a century!"

Now some words about the blindness and "misunderstanding of his contemporaries":

"Altho Fenimore Cooper had much difficulty with publishers and was involved in numerous lawsuits (which he usually won, testifying to the justice of his contentions), he was not the difficult man to get along with that some biographers have painted him. He was not the type to become a favorite with the people in general.

"But he was a kindly man with a stern sense of right and wrong, with many stedfast friends who cherished his friendship, and a devoted family.

"At the time when I first knew him he was suffering from the effects of his most trying experiences in the courts over the much-disputed ownership of Three Mile Point. These controversies lasted until 1844—just a few years before his death. Long after the final settlement of his suits Mr. Cooper felt the sting of public disfavor, but he rose above with a magnificence of spirit that should not be overlooked.

"Even while criticism raged the hottest against him, he kept his inner citadel clear of its shriveling taint, and serenely continued to use his great imaginative powers (which might have served to consume a lesser man in the throes of self-pity), to turn out works of enduring charm which reflect rather the glory of his hills and lakeland than the bitterness of the word battles he was having with adversaries in the courts and through the columns of various newspapers.

"If this bitterness entered his soul in any degree, he certainly did not allow it to color his attitude toward life or his personal philosophy as reflected in the historic and romantic writings that live after him. Nor did it affect his disposition or personality in his home-life, which was always that of the benevolent father and devoted husband.

"Speaking of Mr. Cooper's courteous manner, I am reminded of the thrill my childish heart experienced, when upon one occasion I met the author coming out of his grounds, as I was going in. With unconscious graciousness, he swung wide the gate for me (a little girl of seven or eight), and bowing gravely, stept aside for me to pass. It gave me the most *grown-up* feeling."

The Cover

THAT device, fascinating to artists, is employed in the cover picture to-day—a figure with her reflection in a mirror.

There is an interesting triangulation in the arrangement, for while we see only the pure profile in the mirror, we behold the full face practically in the figure of the "Lady in Green." The third point in the triangle is, of course, the observer's eye. Color and richness are plainly the pursuits of the painter, Richard E. Miller, who was born in St. Louis, Missouri, March 22, 1875.

Studying first in the School of Fine Arts in his native city, he went on to Benjamin Constant and Jean Paul Laurens in Paris.

After his novitiate, in due time, he became a member of the National Academy of Fine Arts, New York, and the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers, Paris.

His prizes and medals are numerous.

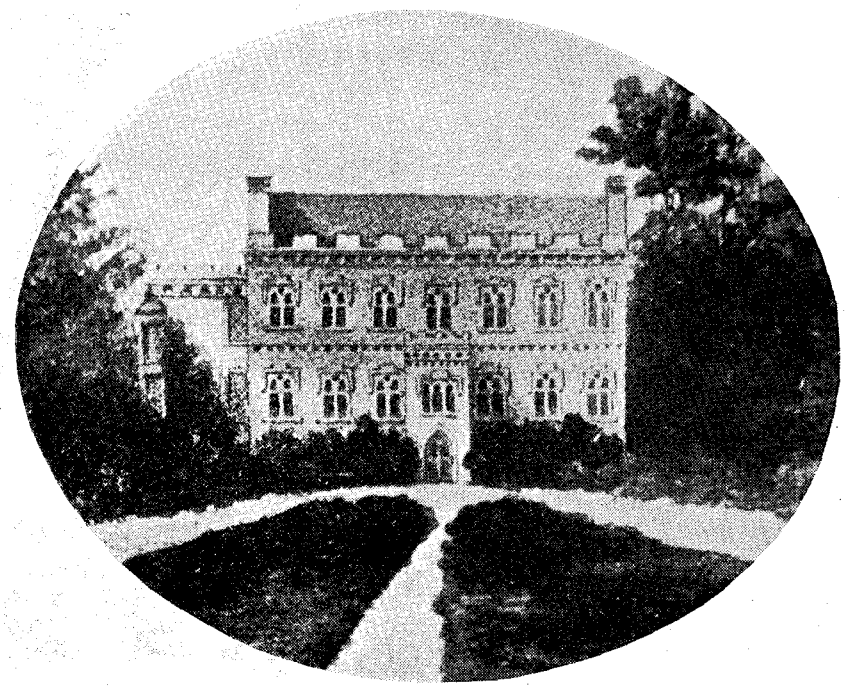
Those seeking his work will find "The Old Maidens" and "Portrait of an Old Woman" in the Luxembourg Gallery, Paris; "The Chinese Statuette," Metropolitan Museum, New York; "Lady With Fan," Gallery of Modern Art, Rome, Italy; "The Boudoir," Corcoran Gallery, Washington; "Revery," City Art Museum, St. Louis, Missouri; "The Toilet," Albright Gallery, Buffalo; "Sunlight," Art Institute, Chicago; "Summer Reveries," Detroit Institute; "Japanese Kimono," Cincinnati Museum; "Sun Porch," Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

Abroad he is represented in the Royal Museum of Christiania; King of Italy's private collection; Museum of Fine Arts, Antwerp; Modern Gallery of the City of Venice; Musée du Petit Palais, Paris.

Lecturing Mr. Shaw

TWO LEADING PLAYWRIGHTS of the London stage are in the doldrums.

Noel Coward and Bernard Shaw have pieces running that show them despairing of their fellow men—Mr. Coward's is called "Words and Music," and shows up the futilities of that section of society addicted to cocktails. Mr. Shaw is showing London "Too True to Be Good," exploited here last season by the Theater Guild and winning only leaden opinions.



Where Fenimore Cooper Lived

A house built in Cooperstown, New York, in 1798, and burned in 1852.

We pass Mr. Coward's offering since it is not as yet seen in America; but Mr. Shaw's play, it will be recalled, was not gently dealt with here. There was little plot or action in the piece. It was all Shaw's previous preachment rolled into one, ending with Shaw's declaration, "I must preach and preach and preach, no matter how late the hour, or short the day, no matter whether I have nothing to say." "An inchoate, discursive play," said Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*, "with dull spots weighing heavily upon the comedy and the ideas."

BUT what our critics said never approached St. John Ervine's rebuke in the London *Observer*.

"What a sad commentary it is on our times that Mr. Coward, whose age is nearly thirty-three, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, whose age is only seventy-six, should combine in despair?

"I can forgive the despondency of Mr. Coward, because he is young, but I can not forgive the despondency of Mr. Shaw, who is old. What right has an old man to throw up his hands and surrender every belief he holds?

"That game soldier, Shaw, who has hitherto valiantly put up his fists and been the foremost in every fight, is now whimpering in corners and assuring his followers, among whom I include myself, that they had better all lie down and die. What a general!

"How dare you, Shaw, lead us to the trenches and bid us shoot ourselves lest we should be shot? Your red beard was once a flame on your chin. Is it now only a white flag? Better, indeed, that you should have died a dozen years ago than live to write this whining play, this rheumy piece, in which your gay courage goes to bits.

"What shall we do, who are looking for light in a dark place, when the young man and the old man together declare that nothing is any good, and, finding us by the Slough of Despond, flippantly push us in? Mr. Shaw, in 'Too True to Be Good,' recants all his beliefs."

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The Racial Hue and Cry in Harlem

OF ALL PLACES—to raise the color bar in a Harlem church.

Down in the land of corn and cotton they pricked up their ears at hearing that.

"How come?"

Hadn't they been told that racial hue made no difference in Harlem—where there are more colored people to the square foot than in any other spot on earth?

But here it was, right in the newspapers, that they were trying to get colored members out of a little church called All Souls. "Some Souls" would be more appropriate, says Arthur Brisbane. But Bishop Manning, ran the accounts, "busted" into the church and stopt it. "All Souls" is right.

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No Color Line for Him

Bishop William T. Manning conducting services in All Souls' Church, in Harlem, which had been closed "for repairs," but really, so some assert, to keep out colored people. A locksmith forced entrance to the church.

WELL, for the story that has excited Harlem and made people sit up elsewhere too.

It seems, from press accounts, that seven of the eleven vestrymen of All Souls' Church, which Harlem has surrounded, had broken with the rector, the Rev. Rollin Dodd, on his decision to admit Negroes to the services on an equal basis with white parishioners. They closed the church "for repairs" and are reported to have withheld the rector's salary after he had refused to hold separate services for the Negroes or resign. They threatened court action against any one who attempted to enter.

Bishop Manning decided to make an admonitory visitation. Police were present to prevent possible trouble, but their services were not needed. Doors were removed and locks broken, and the Bishop, accompanied by the rector, entered. They made sure that the building was safe, and Mr. Dodd announced to about 250 parishioners, of whom three-fourths were colored, that the service would begin.

THE service was conducted under difficulties. The sanctuary, chancel, and five front pews were buried under scaffolding reaching to the ceiling. The aisle was carpeted with shavings. But, undismayed, the Bishop conducted the service from a footstool placed in front of the Bible rest half-way down the church in the center aisle. On his right stood Mr. Dodd, a lean figure with thinning hair, tight lips, and rimless spectacles, once a curate at Trinity Church, but rector of All Souls' for the last three years.

Bishop Manning went at once to the issue. "I am here not to assert my rights as Bishop, tho these are perfectly clear," he said, "but to give my full support to your rector, in his right and Christian purpose to make this church a center of spiritual ministration to all the people of this neighborhood who wish to attend its services, without distinction of race or color."

POINTING out that the complexion of the community had changed in recent years so that it is preponderantly colored, and that a large number of Episcopal colored families look to All Souls' Church for spiritual ministrations, Bishop Manning declared it "the plain duty of All Souls' Church to minister to the people of the community, white and colored alike, and that the rector has taken the only position that he could take as a faithful minister of the Church of God." With a stern rebuke for those who oppose the rector, Bishop Manning concluded:

"Your rector in this matter is standing for one of the great foundation principles of the Church of God, and I honor him for the position that he has taken.

"In these days of world crisis, when we are in the midst of movements, social and racial, the results of which none can foresee, we must stand more than ever before for that divine vision of the Holy Catholic Church, that great visible Family of Christ in all the world, which St. Paul sees and holds up before us in his Epistles, in which there is to be neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, for all are to be one in Christ Jesus. We must work and we must pray and bear our witness more faithfully than ever for the realization of that vision."

AFTER the service the Bishop stood at the door and shook hands with all the congregation as they filed out, we read in the New York *Times*. He patted the children on the head, saying, "God bless you." A small Negro boy replied, "All right," and ran down the steps. There were other things to do in Harlem that day.

However, a somewhat different version of the cause of the difficulty is given by anti-Dodd members of the vestry. Manuel Jesus Roure, a Porto Rican who has been in this country forty-three years, denied that his group had raised the racial question.

"You can say it is a lie," the *Times* reporter quotes him. "The issue of race discrimination was raised by the rector," said George F. Nelson, junior warden and an anti-Dodd vestryman. "There has never been any discrimination against the Negro since I've been a member of the church. The Negroes were always welcome as guests. Negroes have worshiped there for thirty or more years."

But, according to Mr. Nelson, we read further in *The Times*,

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"it seems to be the policy of the present rector to build up a large Negro congregation and turn the church over to them." Mr. Nelson did not think it fair to turn over to the Negroes the church and its endowment, "which it took the white congregation more than forty years to build." He went on to say that "the idea was that we didn't want the Negroes to come into the church as members—altho they were always welcomed as guests and worshipers—and gain control by majority vote." He charged the rector himself with having raised the racial question by requesting Bishop Colmore of Porto Rico to grant no more transfers to All Souls' Church because of the danger of having a predominant Negro membership.

"Of course, there's race discrimination throughout the United States and other countries of the world," he said, "but it was not raised in All Souls' Church by the vestry."

THESE conflicting statements cloud the issue, but it is accepted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that racial bias is the real cause of the controversy. Walter White, secretary of the Association, says in a public statement:

"No matter how many technicalities the vestrymen attempt to inject into this case, and no matter how many other minor issues are involved, the basic clash is over whether All Souls' Church shall be open to the membership with full privileges of Negroes as well as whites, or whether it shall be a church of white members with Negroes tolerated either as wards or as guests.

"This association has been dealing for too many years with various types of segregations not to recognize a 'Jim-Crow' issue, whether it arises in Harlem or in the Mississippi delta."

The same organization strongly commends the stand of Bishop Manning:

"Your uncompromising affirmation of the courageous stand taken by the Rev. Rollin Dodd can not help but serve notice upon the bigoted, the intolerant, and the racially blind of all creeds and denominations that an end must be put to race intolerance.

"May we express both our admiration and our hope that this militant policy may be continued; may we also express the hope that there will be enough truly Christian white members of the parish who will stick to All Souls' Church, and not permit the prejudiced to make it a church exclusively of either race."

THE issue is to be threshed out in the courts, where the anti-Dodd vestrymen have taken the case.

Meanwhile other opinion upholds Bishop Manning for his lock-breaking. "He displayed two of his outstanding characteristics in defending the rector's right and duty to serve the colored parishioners," says the Utica *Press*. "One is courage and the other is consistency. There is a place for both these qualities in administration of religious affairs and he deserves high praise for facing the issue in New York."

"Churches of all creeds will regain spiritual authority in the minds of youth if they show the courage to minister to all men, regardless of bank account or color," observes the Philadelphia *Record*, while the Hartford *Courant* says:

"A Christian church is the last place for a color-line to be drawn, and if the vestrymen refused to admit Negroes or attempted to discourage their attendance, Bishop Manning could not have done otherwise than he did.

"No Bishop could permit a church in his diocese to be restricted to the use of a single class to the exclusion of others.

"Such permission, tacit or otherwise, would have been a denial of all his religion and his church stand for."

Wide World

Not "Some Souls"

But "All Souls" are welcomed by the Rev. Rollin Dodd in the church of that name.

The Chinese Theological Puzzle

MANY HAVE LAUGHED GENTLY—and perhaps understandingly—over the story of the puzzled Chinese who couldn't see why one church insisted on the "big wash" and another on the "little wash."

Immersion or sprinkling?—it is still a Chinese puzzle.

Leave your sectarianism behind, the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry counsels prospective missionaries, and work only for Christianity.

This radical advice appears in another of the instalments being issued by that organization, whose two-year survey of the results of the Protestant Missionary enterprise in the Far East is exciting wide interest. A review of the first chapters was given in these pages October 22. Instalments of the voluminous report are still being issued weekly. But none, perhaps, will receive more attention than this one concerning the effect of creedal differences on Far Easterners, who appear willing enough to accept fundamental Christianity, but falter at the theologies.

"The standard preaching is far too doctrinal," we read, "and is a complicated system of ideas instead of being a thrilling way of life. It lacks in constructive and stabilizing power."

CHRISTIANITY "has plainly outstript the Church," we are told. Many have felt the attraction of the ideals and personality and teachings of Christ, but are not enrolled as members of the Church. "Persons of this type are in the cabinets and councils of all these [Oriental] countries. They are leaders in education, in agricultural development, in social endeavors, in city planning, in prominent business houses, in Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work, and in most of the good adventures which give promise for the future."

A similar unfortunate situation exists, we are told, in our own country, and to some extent in every country on the globe where Christianity has been disseminated.

The blame for the fact that these people remain outside the Church is laid largely on the desire of denominational mission boards to build up denominational churches. "Churches of this sort appeal only to a certain type of mind. Students in the main leave them coldly alone and are apt to be turned against Christianity if this is the only kind of Christianity which they know." To illustrate:

"It seems to them too often a complicated religion of words and phrases, dealing with the issues of a former age, not a living force for the moral transformation of the world and for the remaking of the present social order.

"There is, too, a pietistic tone in the Christianity of many of the churches, with a tendency to hem life about with legalistic rules and regulations, many of them negative in character.

"If the need of closer cooperation takes the first place in the minds of those who are eager to see the Church transformed, the importance of a changed outlook toward the place of doctrine in Christianity seems hardly less urgent.

"In fact, the chief obstacle to united effort is almost always found to be grounded in fears over what may happen in reference to theological views. We have heard intense desires exprest for less emphasis on traditional theological doctrine and for more stress upon a religion of life, of inspiration, of spiritual leadership, of recreation and of social transformation."

A change is demanded. Sectarianism and narrow denominationalism, we are told, must give way to complete Christian

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cooperation. "Missionaries who are to go out in the future ought to leave all their sectarian baggage behind and go out to work for a unified Christianity and a universal Church."

But much more than that is needed, we read. Some way must be discovered by which the denominations at home "can rise above their separate entities and cooperate in a world-wide expansion of Christianity as urgent and essential at home as abroad."

Organic union does not seem necessary, says the report, and conformity is by no means desirable. Rather—

"Differences of thought and emphasis should be welcomed. They become tragic only when each one of those who disagree claims to be infallibly right, when each excludes the other from fellowship, or when the disagreements reach the point of engendering hate and bitterness and defeat the possibility of sharing life, ideals, and common purposes."

Egyptian Influence in the Bible

A SYMBOLIC SIGNIFICANCE in the ancient Egyptian legend of the seven fat cows and seven lean ones in the Biblical story of Pharaoh's dream interpreted by Joseph is seen by Dr. A. S. Yahuda, distinguished British student of Oriental languages, especially of the languages of the Bible. Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"It is probable, Dr. Yahuda explained in a recent lecture in London under the auspices of the British School of Egyptian Archeology, that the seven kine of Pharaoh's dream were intended to represent the seven cow-headed goddesses called by the name of Hathor, each of which represented one of the seven districts into which the ancient Egypt of that time was divided. Thus Joseph's interpretation of the dream really meant to learned Egyptians of the time that all of the seven districts of Egypt would enjoy alike the predicted years of plenty and would suffer alike from the predicted years of famine.

"This, rather than the exact number of years of plenty or famine, Dr. Yahuda believes to have been the original significance of the seven animals. The agreement of this detail and of others in the story, such as the use of cattle to symbolize the cow-headed goddesses, convince Dr. Yahuda that the story really was told in Egypt at about the time that the Bible says it was, instead of being a myth of later manufacture as some critics of the Bible have maintained. Studies of the exact language used in other Bible stories of Egyptian times also indicate, Dr. Yahuda believes, that this part of the Bible is authentic and represents actual Egyptian experiences by the Hebrews. In the story of Moses, for example, the Biblical words for 'ark,' 'bulrushes,' and 'river,' all are good Egyptian words instead of Hebrew ones, which is what they ought to be if the events described actually happened in Egypt."

The End of the Camp-Meeting

THE sun has set on the old "camp-meeting" grounds. One no longer hears the ecstatic "Halleluiahs" and "Amens" with which the old-timers used to proclaim the revival of their faith.

So the trustees of the Camp Meeting Association of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the City of New York will, it is announced, transfer its property at Ossining to other uses. It has been in possession of the Association 101 years.

"I guess that is true—that the days for camp-meetings are over," said Fred A. Victor, president of the board of trustees of the Camp Meeting Association, when a reporter for the New York *Times* asked him about the change:

"Men and women still 'get religion,' thank God, but the approach to-day seems to be different. They don't 'get religion' with as much emotional expression and noise as of old.

"They don't have to get down in the straw pile and go marching and shouting around the grounds as did our Methodist forefathers, who used to leave their homes in old New York and go there and spend ten whole days in praying and exhorting from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10 or 11 o'clock at night."

Gandhi to Save the Goats, Too

GANDHI ONCE THREATENED to turn out his wife because she couldn't bring herself to touch an "Untouchable."

She it was, it will be remembered, who gave him his first sip of lime-juice under a mango-tree in the jail yard at Poona when he ceased his self-imposed "fast unto death" to save the "Untouchables" from a separate electorate.

As he had won over his wife to the cause of the outcasts, so he won over assorted Hindu leaders to his theory that to give the "Untouchables" a separate electorate would be to continue "untouchability" forever.

That fight won, the great sage and saint is now girding his loins to save the goats. The slaughter of these fellow-creatures of his has distrest him as much as the plight of India's deprest millions.

But the effort, he says, may have to continue through another incarnation.

Gandhi's vow to starve himself to death, as Dr. C. F. Andrews, his life-long friend and biographer, tells us in *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), was not aimed at Prime Minister MacDonald's award setting up a separate system of electorates, but was a desperate attempt to get the caste Hindus and the deprest classes to come together, as they had never done before, and form their own agreement among themselves on non-communal lines.

THE success of that effort is recorded in THE LITERARY DIGEST of October 8. Agreement came just in time to save the life of the sage and saint.

"I am attacking the sacerdotalism of Hinduism," he says in a letter to Dr. Andrews. "There are some Hindus who consider it a sin to touch a portion of a human being because they are born in a particular environment. I am engaged, as a Hindu, in showing that this is *not* a sin, to touch a human being; and that it *is* a sin to consider that touch a sin."

In the course of the letter, Gandhi refers to a charge that he had been influenced to take up the cause of the deprest classes by Dr. Andrews, and says:

"This is all rotten, I know.

"I began this work in South Africa before I ever heard of you; and I was conscious of the sin of untouchability before I came under other Christian influences in South Africa.

"The truth came to me even when I was yet a child. I used to laugh at my dear mother for making us bathe, if we, brothers, touched any pariah.

"It was in 1897 that I was prepared at Durban to turn Mrs. Gandhi away from the house, because she would not treat on a footing of equality one of those in my house who was known to her to belong to a pariah clan, and whom I had invited to stay with me. It has been a passion of my life to serve the Untouchables, because I have felt that I could not remain a Hindu if it was true that untouchability was a part of Hinduism."

This is not all the story, says the Indian mystic:

"I feel as keenly about the slaughter of goats at Kalighat as I do about the Untouchables.

"Whenever I am in Calcutta, the thought of the goats being sacrificed haunts me. I asked Harilal, my eldest son, not to settle in Calcutta on that account.

"The pariah can voice his own grievance. He can petition. He can even rise against the Hindus.

"But the poor dumb goats! I sometimes writhe in agony when I think of all this. But I do not speak, or write, about it. All the same, I am qualifying myself for the service of these fellow-creatures of mine who are slaughtered in the name of my faith.

"I may not finish the work in this incarnation. I shall be born again to finish that work, or some one who has realized my agony will finish it. The point is this—the Hindu way is different from the modern way. You notice my use of the word 'modern'; for I do believe that the Christian way is not different from the Hindu way."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

From a painting by Charles R. Knight. Copyright by the American Museum of Natural History, New York

Perhaps the Ogres of Folk-lore: Neanderthal Men as Portrayed by Scientists

The Rise and Fall of Epidemics

WHY DO EPIDEMICS RAGE for a time and then subside?

The ancients, we are told by a writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago), used to think that the demon responsible for a specific epidemic hibernated in the underworld.

Emaciated and ravenous, it fought its way past the holy ramparts into the city, where it fed first on defenseless infants, later on the stronger adults. Finally, satiated, it lost its lust for human flesh, and retired for another hibernation. We read further:

"Modern clinicians consider this merely a fantastic explanation of the observed course of epidemics. However, L. T. Webster asserts that many of our current theories are nothing more than thinly disguised paraphrases of this ancient demonic metaphor.

"Bacteriologists of the Pasteur-Koch era intuitively translated many ancient traditions into the newly developed language. They assumed, for example, and apparently without experimental proof, that specific infectious agents are always introduced into a community in an attenuated form, and are subsequently increased in virulence or infectivity by successive human passage. After the 'peak' of the resulting epidemic, the virulence was assumed to lessen, presumably as a result of microbic conflict with the resistant population. With a final almost total loss of virulence, the epidemic ceased.

"This virulence cycle found some support in the increased infectivity of old test-tube cultures on successive animal passage, and in the usual initial low virulence of certain natural viruses when transferred to another animal species. Recognizing the inadequacy of such evidence, however, Webster and his colleagues made careful comparisons of the virulence of the specific causative agents in the various stages of their experimentally produced epidemics, all tests being made in the same animal species.

"To their surprize they found that in their carefully quarantined mouse and rabbit populations the virulence of the specific causative agents remained practically unchanged throughout all epidemics. 'In no instance were significant differences in the virulence of preepidemic, epidemic, and postepidemic strains detected. . . . Strains from fatal cases proved to be of the same virulence as similar strains from healthy carriers.'

"Bacterial dissociation and bacteriophage phenomena, altho abundantly present, seemed to play no part in altering virulence, or in otherwise limiting the spread of infections. The Rockefeller Institute workers, of course, did not generalize from these observations that virulence changes may not play a part under other experimental conditions. Their results, however, have definitely shifted the burden of proof to clinicians who champion the conception of 'virulence cycles' in epidemics.

"Webster and his coworkers emphasize the importance of the initial dose of specific infectious agents in relation to the general resistance of a population. The reduction of general resistance, for example, by the introduction of low resistant immigrants was sufficient to cause a latent epidemic manifest only by subclinical cases or carrier states to flare up into a devastating pestilence. Depression of general herd resistance by climatic conditions or by dietary deficiencies caused similar explosive outbreaks. Optimal diets or dietary reinforcements with butter fat or cod-liver oil tended to prevent or at least lessen herd mortality."

Perhaps There Were Really Ogres

THE theory that blood of the extinct Neanderthal men, the "ogre-men" of H. G. Wells's History, still runs in the veins of modern men and women is supported by the bones of a new extinct kind of man found a few months ago in South Africa by Prof. T. F. Dreyer of Grey University, at Bloemfontein.

Says Dr. E. E. Free, in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"Experts on human evolution agree that twenty or thirty thousand years ago, at least, two distinct kinds of man were alive on earth.

"One kind were ordinary men, indistinguishable from modern races. The others were the shorter, thicker Neanderthal people, with bowed shoulders, massive heads and necks, and altogether more brutish in appearance than mankind of to-day.

"Bones of these brutish Neanderthals and of men of modern type have been found in many places in Europe, Palestine, Africa, and elsewhere. What Mr. Wells suggested was that memories of the Neanderthal men might be represented by the wide-spread tales of forest-dwelling ogres, exterminated by relentless warfare on the part of men of modern type. When Professor Dreyer found the new bones in South Africa, these were recognized as resembling the Neanderthal race.

"On closer study, however, Professor Dreyer has decided that they really belonged to a much-modified kind of Neanderthal man, different enough to constitute a new species, and which he names *Homo helmei*, after a Captain Helme who assisted in the discovery. What this means for the story of human evolution, Professor Dreyer believes, is that both Neanderthal men and men of the modern type evolved side by side in the different continents into special varieties of both of these racial types. These varieties then fused more or less completely to form the present races, so that both the blood of brutish Neanderthals and that of ancient men of the higher type still flow in modern veins."

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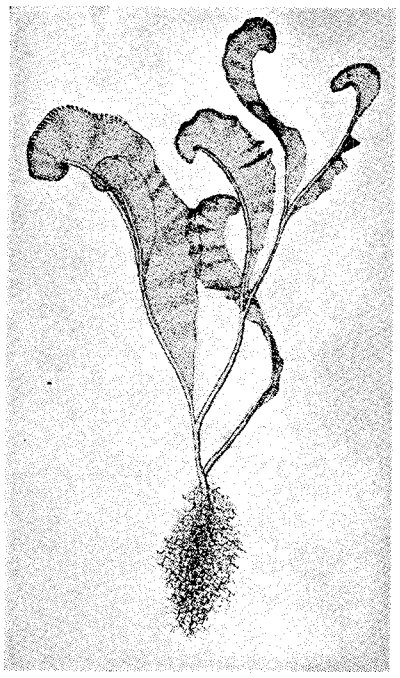
Odd Plant Turns Up in Texas

ONE OF THE RAREST PLANT SPECIES in the world has been rediscovered in Madera Creek, in the Davis Mountains of western Texas, according to *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington).

Dr. R. A. Studhalter of Texas Technological College at Lubbock has reported this find to *The Scientific Monthly*. We read:

"The plant is known as *Riella*, and has been given the English name 'ruffle plant,' because of its peculiar structure. It consists of a slender stem an inch or so in length, with a thin transparent green wing growing out at one side and curling over its end. The graceful undulations in this green wing caused one American botanist to describe it as 'a ruffle standing on end.'



Science Service

Rare Ruffles

Drawing of a male specimen of the elusive "ruffle plant," which has been found in only two States.

"The plant has thus far been found in only two States, Texas and North Dakota. It grows only in sheltered canyons, either submerged in shallow water or just above water-level. Since water in this Western country is not always a certainty in any one place, the plant has been very elusive, disappearing from a known habitat and reappearing suddenly elsewhere. Close relatives are known from the old world, growing in the same type of habitat: sheltered shallow waters in semiarid regions. Here also it is an extremely elusive plant.

"The ruffle plant belongs to the moss family, and is a member of that subdivision of it known as the liverworts. However, because of its exceedingly peculiar structure and mode of reproduction, it is pretty much a creature apart even among its own botanical kindred."

Measles No Joke

MEASLES is by no means a benign disease, thinks the French professor Nobécourt, whose views are set forth in the *Concours Medical* (Paris).

Measles, he fears, is on the increase. The malady is malignant in the case of the mere babe, and if the child be less than a year old, the utmost caution is required. Parents take measles too lightly.

It is responsible for more deaths than diphtheria, whooping-cough, or scarlatina. Then we get these further interesting facts:

"In one decade measles caused in Europe about a million fatalities. This hecatomb comprised principally babes, especially the youngest.

"How are we to account for the immunity of certain babes, and what is the effectiveness of such immunity? How long does it last?

"Observation shows that mothers who have had measles impart immunity to their offspring.

"The immunity of the babe appears to be absolute during the first two months of its life, and practically so during the first three months. It would be relatively so during the fourth to the sixth month, but from the sixth month onward this immunity would end.

"A babe whose mother never had measles is not immune. Some authorities affirm that the mother who nurses her babe imparts immunity to it up to the sixth month—that is, if the mother has had measles. If the mother has had measles within a certain brief period prior to the birth of the child, the babe is apparently born immune."

The Causes of Suicide

ALMOST 20,000 PERSONS KILL themselves in the United States each year, and the number is increasing. The community, says *The Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (New York) is becoming greatly concerned at this distressing wastage of valuable human life.

The public is likewise seeking an explanation of the rising death-rate due to this cause. To many, the current increase in the amount of suicide is simply the effect of the economic depression. Statisticians, we are told, are convinced that this explanation, while plausible, is not complete. *The Bulletin* goes on:

"Many other factors which are generally overlooked are tied up with the state of mind which results in self-destruction. Suicide is a complex social phenomenon which reflects not only the environment in which a person finds himself, but, to an equal extent, the character of the personality and the nature of the individual.

"The suicide rate increases very rapidly with age; it is much higher for males than for females; it varies greatly among the different races. It is these angles of the problem which have not received sufficient attention in current discussion.

"The suicide rate began to rise as early as 1925, and has mounted steadily every year. Disconcertingly high as the rate is at present, the figures for the industrial policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company are still below what they were prior to the World War. The war years, it is interesting to observe, showed a declining rate. A minimum was reached in 1920. There is little doubt but that the low figures reflected the intense interest which the great mass of the people had in living. Life was, on the whole, a great adventure in those days. It is thus clear that the recent upward trend, altho undoubtedly accelerated by hard times, can not be the result of economic causes alone.

"We admit that there are to-day too many clear-cut cases of suicide resulting from pressing economic stringency to belittle that element. Proof is that the percentage increase among men has been higher than among women. Men have heavier financial responsibilities than women, and the pressure of hard times affects them the more. But other things must be considered. Suicides undoubtedly represent a group of the community who are more easily upset mentally and emotionally than the average. They are frequently persons with immature attitudes and childish methods of reacting toward life who are thrown off their balance upon slight provocation. They are overwhelmed by conditions which other people manage to surmount. Sometimes economic pressure is the determining cause; sometimes it is some problem of personal conflict or an inharmonious relationship with family or friends that they can not solve. In other words, attention must be paid to the type of personality which we find associated with suicide."

SINCE this is true, the writer thinks that those who are concerned with reducing suicide have as their objective such training of individuals as will result in a more stable and integrated personality. The loss of valuable lives could be averted, in many instances, he believes, were help given at the proper time to those who become crusht by difficulties of one kind or another. He writes further:

"In Vienna, in Berlin, in London, and in New York, organizations are working effectively to relieve and succor those who are in distress. Many of these organizations, such as the Salvation Army and antisuicide bureaus, report that a considerable degree of success has crowned their efforts.

"More important, however, than salvaging those who have already broken down is the development of a wholesome mental attitude on the part of the whole people. This is a community responsibility which the schools, the associations interested in parental education, the theater, the press, the churches—in short, all of the social forces which aim to mold character—must assume.

"Those whose minds are at peace, who have a feeling of security, who know the value of life and regard existence realistically, are very unlikely to take their lives. It is more and more the obligation of the community to develop plans to control those forces which disintegrate personality and to build up those constructive attitudes which make for wholesome, happy, and contented citizens."

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Maybe it's time to talk to your husband about a Packard

PERHAPS, like a great many other women, you have been noticing the new Packards and wishing that you might own one.

Perhaps you have felt that this is a bad time to broach the subject to your husband. You have felt that it is your duty to help economize.

Economy is the very best reason for buying a Packard *right now.*

You know from your shopping experience that "things are down".

Automobiles are no exception. New cars are priced to give more value per dollar than ever before.

Moreover, automobiles are being worn out twice as fast as they are being produced. A million Americans must buy new cars soon. When they start buying, used car allowances will be materially reduced. It will take a much larger financial outlay to buy a car.

Your husband knows the truth of these statements. He also knows that, with the business outlook brightening, the buying tide may turn at any time—and today's opportunity be lost.

Go to your nearest Packard dealer and take a ride in one of the new Packards—learn why today's Packards are the finest of a long line of fine cars.

Upkeep? Millions of miles of owner-driving prove that service costs are the smallest in Packard's history.

Long life? These cars have the famous Packard ability to serve you for years; and the traditional Packard lines that are never out of style.

Their motors were created by the same engineers who designed the Packard motors that drove "Miss America X" 124.91 miles an hour to break the world's speedboat record.

Take all those things into consideration. Then find out how much your Packard dealer will allow on your present car, and how easy it is to pay the balance. Packard cars range in price from $1895 to $4895 at the factory.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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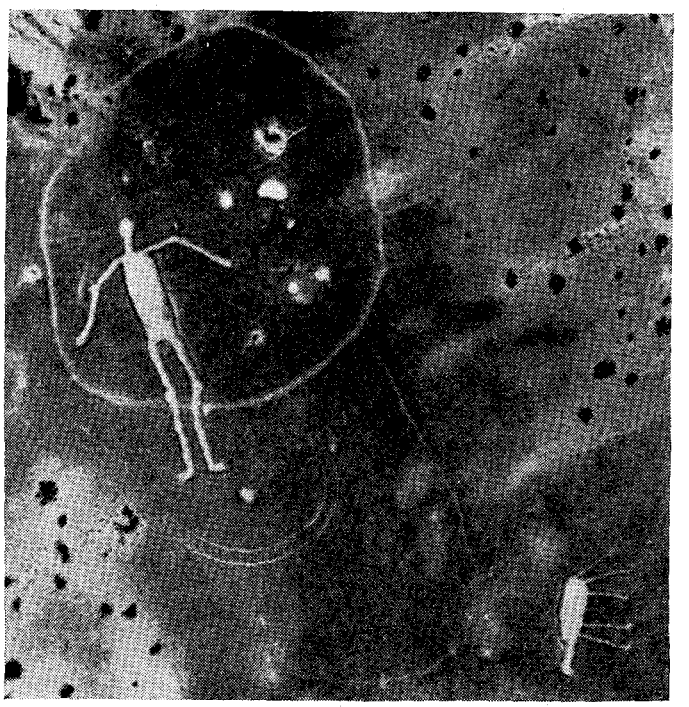
Giant Etchings on California Desert Sands

GIANT DRAWINGS etched in the California desert floor east of Los Angeles may be linked to tribal legends that left a deep impress on Indian life.

Army Air Corps flyers have photographed human and other shapes outlined in pebbles in an isolated area near Blythe, California. Says an Associated Press dispatch in the New York *Times*:

"There were hopes that the airmen would take pictures



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Prehistoric Pictographs

An aerial view of the three groups of weird picture writings, containing enormous figures of a man, an animal, and a snake, which were sighted from an airplane, and photographed by the U. S. Army Air Corps. The drawings, made several centuries ago, presumably, range in size from 50 to 167 feet. The figures are outlined with pebbles of dark brown and white

of similar desert etchings of which the scientists have heard, and around which are woven tribal legends that might have inspired the Blythe artists also.

"Near the strange figures found by George Palmer while flying from Hoover Dam to Blythe are no hills to give the elevation necessary to distinguish them, and but for his efforts to find an emergency landing-place they might have escaped discovery years longer.

"Palmer reported his find to Arthur Woodward, ethnologist of the Los Angeles museum, who drove across several miles of trackless desert to inspect them.

"The figures were made by scraping away the thick ground covering of brown pebbles to the alkali soil beneath. They range in length from 50 to 167 feet. Near two of the human shapes are figures of serpents and four-legged animals with long tails. One giant, or god, appears just to have stept out of a large dance ring.

"Woodward's early efforts to find who made the figures were not productive. The Mohave and Chemehuevi Indians, who once frequented this area, said they had no knowledge of them. But he found new hope upon learning that there was another similar figure near Sacaton, Arizona, on the north branch of the Gila River, which the Pima Indians call Haakvaak, or Hawk-Lying-Down.

"A Pima legend says that when the Hohoken Indians, who perished long ago, inhabited the area, one of their most courageous braves drove out a cannibalistic she-creature which was preying upon them.

"In her flight she paused to rest, and when she had gone the Indians scraped away the pebbles where she had lain and so preserved her form. Offerings for years later were made to this figure."

Another Eclipse of the Sun Discovered

IT RAN TWO HOURS ahead of the regular advertised affair.

It was discovered by using a radio wave-length that often cuts up all sorts of pranks, but proved to be the right one for this job.

And the main thing proved was "the theory that from the sun there is a corpuscular or electronic emission traveling at a rate of 1,000 miles a second."

So writes Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson, radio consulting engineer of the General Electric, in a bulletin issued by the company. He says:

"For the test we selected a radio frequency of 8,655 kilocycles, because we thought that the fringe effects of fading at the edge of the skipping distance would be strongly pronounced. These phenomena are especially apparent in television under certain unfavorable conditions where the multiple reflections cause several images both positive and negative, which rapidly appear and disappear, suggesting a dance of ghosts. We concluded, however, that television would not be the best medium for these observations, because we desired a permanent record. The signal from Schenectady which we recorded at Conway, New Hampshire, in the afternoon previous to the eclipse proved, as we expected, that we had to deal with multiple reflections. This kind of signal is particularly useless for facsimile and television; but it was just what we wanted.

"The outstanding result of our observations was that this normally strong signal almost totally disappeared during the two hours preceding the optical eclipse of the sun, which in accordance with the calculations of the astronomers would be the time during which the corpuscular or electronic eclipse would take place.

"The nearly complete disappearance of the signal was so striking that we were worried that something might have gone wrong with our receiver but, when shortly before the optical eclipse began the signal came back, we felt that we had a complete proof of the correctness of the theory of the electronic eclipse."

The Perils of Getting Thinner

FIVE authoritative pronouncements about the ways and dangers of getting thinner are made by the American Medical Association in a recent reply which was made to an inquiring Texas physician.

These are thus summarized by Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York). He writes:

"One, say the Association's experts, is that under proper conditions any one who is too fat can lose weight, altho the speed of getting thinner often must vary widely in different people. Complete control of diet and willingness of the patient to cooperate thoroughly and honestly are essential.

"Second, there is no fixt 'normal weight' nor any sound general rule for the proper weight of any individual. Big-boned people, for example, often should weigh more than is indicated by the conventional weight tables.

"Other types of person sometimes should weigh less than the tables indicate.

"This individual nature of any scheme for getting thinner dictates the Association's third rule, which is that no project of weight-reduction should be undertaken by a layman or even prescribed by a physician without a thorough physical examination, and continual observation of the patient by the physician as the reducing goes on.

"Fourth, while there are two kinds of excessive fatness, one due merely to gluttony and the other to special disorders of the glands or other organs, experts find that these two kinds of fatness merge so gradually into each other that it is difficult to distinguish them. Nor is it usually necessary to do so, for the road to slimness in either case is through proper reduction in the daily average of food.

"Finally, symptoms such as dizziness, headache, extreme fatigue, and changes in the heart-beat, experienced during a course of weight-reduction, may indicate dangerous results of the reduced diet, and should be investigated at once by the physician responsible for the case."

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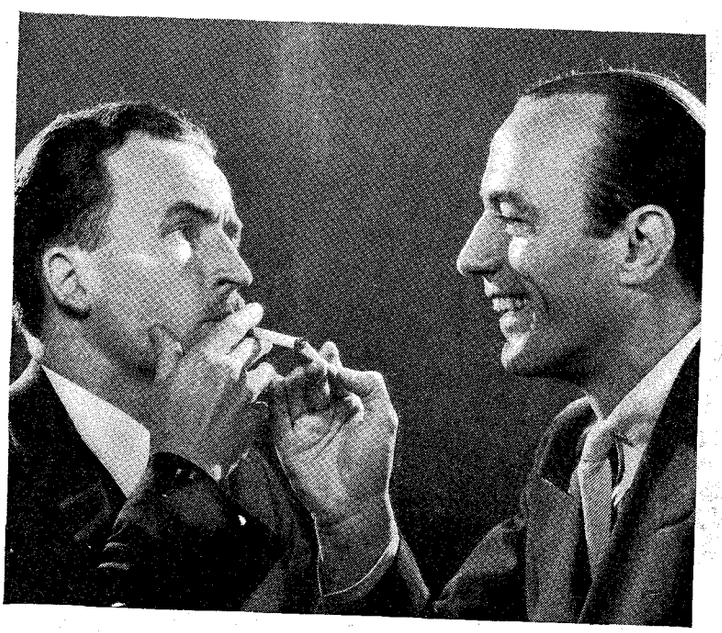
How to join the Mouth-Happy Club*



JOHN: The initiation is quite simple. You pledge to smoke through one pack of Spud . . . the Club's own cigarette. Then you report back to the Committee of One . . . (that's me . . .) and tell what you discover.

HOWARD: I'm game . . . and I'll start right now, with one of your Spuds.

FINALE

HOWARD: I'm reporting back, Mr. Committee. At first, the menthol taste was quite strong. But it soon disappeared and I got a grand, cool, clean taste. And then I discovered greater enjoyment of good tobacco. Sure, that's it . . . Mouth-happiness.

Membership over 2,000,000 mouth-happy smokers.

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

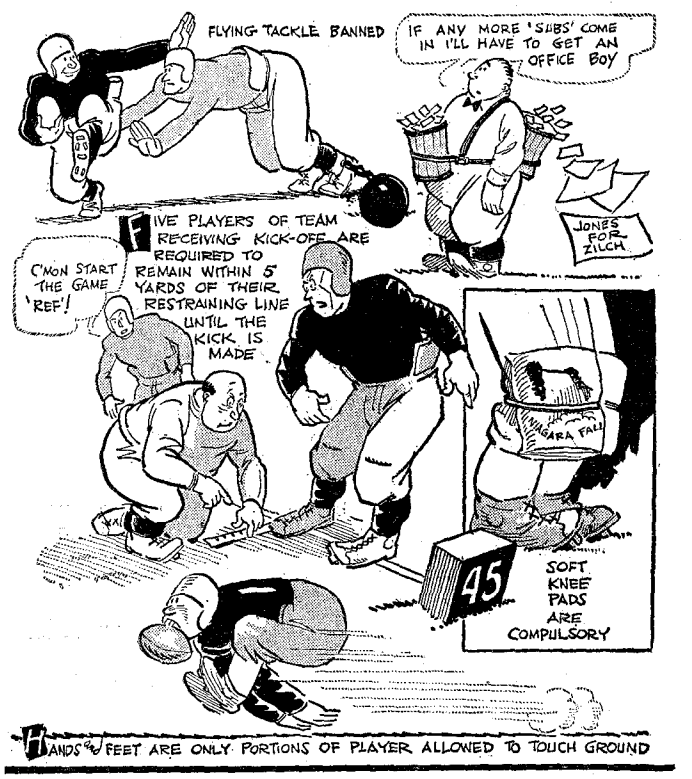
How Are the New Football Rules Working?

THEY'RE HUNKY-DORY IN THE LONG RUN, because they're producing more long runs than the fans have seen in a decade.

Bill Gibb of Nebraska Wesleyan set a sprint record for the season (up to that time anyway) in the Oklahoma City University game.

He took the ball on the opening kick-off, Daniel reports in the New York *World-Telegram*, on the authority of Parke H. Davis, the football statistician, and got going like a house afire. Dodging and sprinting through all eleven members of the opposing team he went. Twenty-five yards—50—75—100—107 yards, and a touch-down!

Herbert McAndy of Florida, Daniel continues, made another remarkable scoring dash in the Sewannee game. "McAndy dropt behind his goal line to kick out of danger. As he got the pass he fell. Seeing his foes charge in on him, McAndy had no option but to run with the ball. He went 105 yards for a touch-down. Apparently, the officials down there pay no attention to a somewhat technical ruling made up here that a man falling with a ball passed to him for a punt can not advance."


FLYING TACKLE BANNED
IF ANY MORE 'SUBS' COME IN I'LL HAVE TO GET AN OFFICE BOY
JONES FOR ZILCH
FIVE PLAYERS OF TEAM RECEIVING KICK-OFF ARE REQUIRED TO REMAIN WITHIN 5 YARDS OF THEIR RESTRAINING LINE UNTIL THE KICK IS MADE
C'MON START THE GAME 'REF'!
45
SOFT KNEE PADS ARE COMPULSORY
HANDS & FEET ARE ONLY PORTIONS OF PLAYER ALLOWED TO TOUCH GROUND

New Grid Rules Have After Effects—Yet, Boy!

—Philadelphia "Public Ledger."

FOR the spectacular exhibitions of speed and cunning, you may thank the revised rules. "Analyzing the intercollegiate football season to date, we find that the revised rules, forbidding piling up and permitting more frequent substitutions, have speeded up the game and are producing more long runs than in the last decade," the *World-Telegram* writer declares:

Apparently your average gridiron exponent finds the physical burden less tiring, and is in better shape for the grand dash. A greater stress on blocking also has had a lot to do with the plethora of extended forays into enemy territory.

Take last Saturday's developments in the more prominent games of the East alone as an example. There was Kelly's 70-yard dash to win for Johns Hopkins against Lehigh. Masavage, of Penn, beat Dartmouth with a 52-yard adventure from scrimmage, and Prisco, of Rutgers, scored against Delaware with a 73-yard journey.

Bob Chase, of Brown, beat Yale with a 35-yard scamper, and Irad Hardy, the Harvard tackle, hauled in one of Penn State's floating fumbles to travel 65 yards. Add that 54-yard run by Heller, of Pitt, against the Army for the winning touch-down, and your evidence piles up in fairly convincing and impressive style.

But this is only one phase of the practical application of the changes in the gridiron code, brought about by last season's alarming casualty list. And now the season is far enough advanced to inquire into the matter in some detail.

Just to refresh our memories it will be well for us to glance over the gist of this football legislation.

Under the new rules, the ball is dead when any part of the carrier's body, except his hands or feet, touches the ground. This is designed to end piling up. The flying tackle and flying block are outlawed. Use of hands is limited. Five players of the receiving team on kick-off or free kick must remain within five yards of restraining line until kick is made. On the kick-off the receiving team is allowed to signal for a fair catch, which will protect them from interference even tho the team kicking is eligible to receive the ball. A withdrawn player may be returned to the game in the next quarter instead of the next half. Another rule governs the padding of equipment.

And what do those affected directly and indirectly think of it all? Coaches, officials, and rules committee members interviewed by the Associated Press show a majority sentiment in favor of the changes. Sports writers are both favorable and unfavorable, in the main, but show a decided tendency to criticize. Some of them think that there is too much whistle-blowing. Only the players and spectators seem to have been neglected in the general interviewing—anyway, we have come across practically no such interviews. A few spectators have remedied the situation as regards themselves by writing to the papers. A good many such letters are unfavorable.

CONTINUING for a moment with the sports writers, we find Paul Gallico writing in light vein in the New York *Daily News* of the rule limiting use of hands and the problems it raises. He concludes that "the only casual solution I can think of on a fine Sunday afternoon is to have pockets in football suits. If a man has no place to put his hands he will get them into mischief." In the New York *Herald Tribune*, W. O. McGeehan reminds us:

At the end of every season the rules committee gives the assurance that "this is American football. There will be no more changes. The game is set and established."

But then the rules committee goes into another huddle and a new game is developed. At one time the rules committee moved the goal-posts out of the field. Then they moved them back. After that they moved them out of the field again. They made a touch-down at a corner of the field count as much as a touch-down between the goal-posts.

It is about time that the rules committee decided what American football really is. If they can do that at the end of this season they might write their rules in language that even a football official could understand, and submit them to the United States Supreme Court for a final decision. Then football might become a permanent game, unless some coach appealed the decision.

Then in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Ed Pollock passes on to us a suggestion made by a brother columnist:

Vincent McNally, Philadelphia athlete and assistant St. Mary's coach, is writing a column out on the coast, and in one of his articles suggested a zoning idea for the dead-ball rule such as the book provides in the case of clipping.

McNally even defines the boundaries of his proposed zoning. He would have the dead-ball rule applied within a radius of three or five yards, presumably from the point where the ball carrier starts, and entirely forgotten outside that sector.

Earlier in the year I made a similar suggestion. It was my idea to give some measure of protection to the ball carrier who

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THE CHEAPEST PROTECTION YOU CAN BUY AND THE SAFEST

EVEREADY PRESTONE is the most economical anti-freeze on the market. It is CONCENTRATED, and should not be confused with less efficient, diluted solutions, containing 40 to 55% water. Eveready Prestone is 97% anti-freeze —a CONCENTRATED product. It does not boil away. One filling lasts all winter. Boil-away anti-freezes, which have to be constantly renewed, often prove more expensive in the long run than Eveready Prestone's all-season safety. There is nothing else like Eveready Prestone, for it was scientifically developed to give complete protection to automobile engines in winter. Treated to prevent rust, it prolongs the life of the car. Approved by all car manufacturers, and guaranteed by National Carbon Company.

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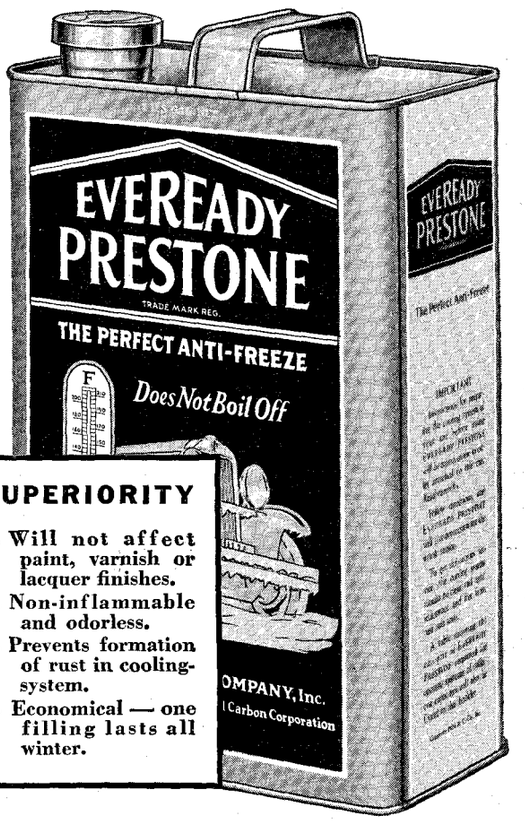

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2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling-system.
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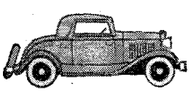
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable and odorless.
8. Prevents formation of rust in cooling-system.
9. Economical — one filling lasts all winter.

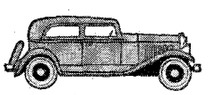


THIS POPULAR-PRICE CAR,

operating in a cold-weather zone, needs only ½ gallon of concentrated Eveready Prestone for all-winter protection. Cost $2.25. No corrosion—absolute safety.

If you buy a water-diluted anti-freeze for this car, you pay for water, as well as for anti-freeze material. The low cost per gallon, therefore, cannot be compared with the cost per gallon of *concentrated* Eveready Prestone. Obviously, you will need more of the diluted product to get the same protection.

If boil-away anti-freeze is used, there must be one-half gallon in the cooling-system every time the thermometer drops to 20° F. Cost (?) . . . it depends on the number of cold snaps. Meanwhile, frequent renewals, checking, trouble and bother.

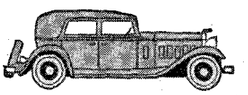


THIS MEDIUM-SIZE CAR,

in an average-weather zone, needs only one gallon of concentrated Eveready Prestone. Cost $4.45. All-winter protection against freezing, rust, clogging and corrosion.

The cost of enough water-diluted anti-freeze to give this car the same protection cannot be computed unless you know how much anti-freeze and how much water there is in the product you buy. Some brands contain as much as 55% plain water. Low cost per gallon, therefore, means nothing.

If boil-away anti-freeze is used, the cost per season may be a great deal more than the cost of Eveready Prestone. Meanwhile, no certain, sure protection through all weather changes. No protection against rust and corrosion.



THIS LARGE CAR,

operating in a zero-weather zone, needs only two gallons of concentrated Eveready Prestone. Cost $8.90. Complete peace of mind for the owner of a valuable car.

You can buy a water-diluted anti-freeze at a lower cost per gallon, but you will have to buy much more than two gallons to get the same protection. *How* much more will depend on the amount of water in the product. Therefore, the cost per gallon of such anti-freeze means nothing.

If boil-away anti-freeze is used, two full gallons must be present every time the temperature drops to zero. The cost may easily exceed the cost of Eveready Prestone. Meanwhile, no certain protection against freezing —none at all against corrosion.

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slipt and fell when he was out in the clear with no chance of opponents piling up.

The dead-ball rule is developing the game into "touch" football, according to our school of critics. But Grantland Rice, in his copyrighted, syndicated sports column in the New York *Sun* insists that in some games, such as the Columbia-Princeton, Michigan-Northwestern, and Tulane-Georgia meetings, a lot of players (notably Montgomery of Columbia) were "touched" pretty forcibly.

The Associated Press survey, already mentioned, reveals fairly general satisfaction. This news service quotes Howard Jones of Southern California thus:

"I haven't seen the rules against illegal use of hands enforced yet, but I don't know that there have been any violations. The new rules are all right. I have no complaint to make. We've lost a little ground on the 'dead-ball' rule, but what of it if it saves possible injuries?"

Similarly, Lou Little, director of Columbia's fine eleven, regards failure of officials to "call" penalties for use of hands on the head and neck as the sole fault that has developed in the early season tests.

"Some teams still are violating that rule," he said. "Officials are not calling penalties. They should be most strict in enforcement of this change."

TURNING from coaches to officials, the Associated Press continues:

Through so experienced a spokesman as Tom Thorp, long recognized as one of the country's foremost football arbiters, gridiron officials yesterday replied to the implication of coaches that violations of one of the new rules, barring forceful use of hands by defensive linemen, were not being "called" frequently enough.

"A survey of games played will show that penalties this season are far greater than ever before," said Thorp. "This would indicate that officials are on the job. I know no official who would overlook important violations of the playing code. Perhaps the coaches are referring to individual cases.

"The rule on illegal use of hands is clean-cut. There should be little question in the mind of any official. The use of the hand or hands on the head of an opposing lineman is a violation. It should be penalized, and in the East officials have been instructed to be very strict.

"Coaches can do a great deal to eliminate any illegal use of hands by removing an offender who persists from the game. In fact, much of the responsibility for elimination of violators rests with the coaches themselves. Let them forbid their players using hands illegally and this dangerous play will be eliminated entirely."

And, finally, rules committeeman William S. Langford, secretary of the committee, recalls the effort made by Big Ten coaches to have the dead-ball rule changed, and continues, according to the Associated Press:

"The request of the Big Ten coaches, opposed only by Amos Alonzo Stagg of Chicago, is the only direct action that has come to us," Mr. Langford said, after a consensus of both coaches and officials questioned by the Associated Press, indicated nation-wide approval of the new rules, except in minor instances.

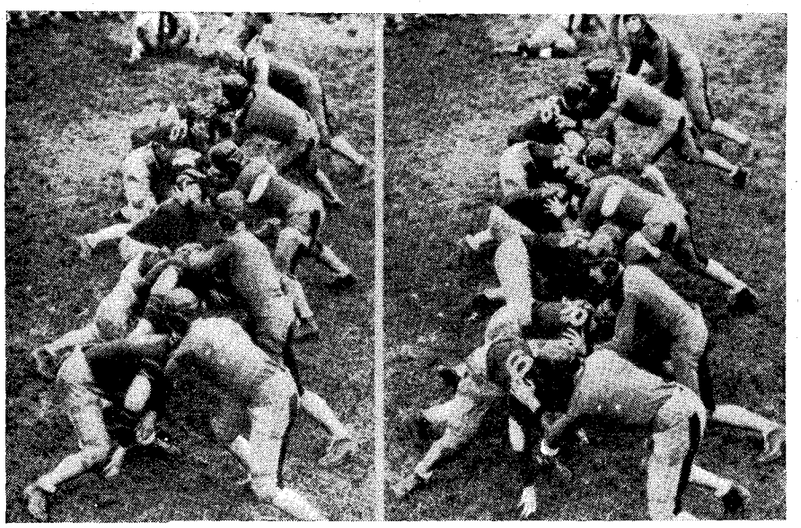
They asked that the rule declaring the ball dead automatically when any part of the ball carrier, except his hands and feet, touch the ground, even tho he is not in the grasp of a tackler, be amended to read "except when the runner is clearly in the open."

A telegraph vote of members of the rules committee brought unanimous opposition to such a revision, and the reasons are obvious.

It would complicate immeasurably the work of officials who would be forced to decide the delicate question of "When is a man in the clear?"

Who can say? When a possible tackler is fifteen yards away? ten yards? five yards?

A ball carrier like Albie Booth, for instance, like a cat on his feet, might be considered in the clear when an opponent was only a yard away. Other backs would not be safe with a tackle ten yards off.



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Before and After: Making the Gridiron Safe for Football

Boston College bucking the line in the old style at the left and in the new at the right. Note how the elbows have come down.

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"Twenty Grand's Children Should Keep His Memory Green"

SUCH is the sentiment which has begun to take shape over Twenty Grand's continued lameness.

It recalls to race chroniclers the sentiment of the turf world—and, indeed, the public at large—when it became known that Man-of-War had run his last race.

No formal announcement has been made of Twenty Grand's retirement to the stud, but many of the great horse's admirers take it for granted that such will be the sequel, sooner or later, of recent events.

Under the title, "The Twilight of a Hero," the New York *Herald Tribune* gives an editorial to the subject:

That the racing public has seen the last of Twenty Grand seems probable by his going lame after a workout in preparation for his important engagements at the Maryland courses this fall.

He has been lame off and on all season, but never so seriously as during his final workout, and his retirement on the eve of the rich Washington Handicap, in which he was to have met Equipoise and other stars, is a great disappointment to the racing public.

A repetition of the epic struggle between Twenty Grand and Equipoise staged in the race for the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes two years ago had been hoped for, but races like that at Louisville are not seen often in the life of the average sportsman.

Big horses like Twenty Grand are difficult to train if there is trouble with their feet or legs. The axiom "No foot, no horse" is especially applicable where thoroughbreds of great bulk are concerned. It requires more work to get them to concert pitch than is needed to prepare a horse of delicate mold.

TWENTY GRAND was forced into retirement last autumn when he seemed invincible, and was in a fair way to join the most select group of winners on the American turf, we are reminded. Further:

With earnings of more than $250,000, the hope was entertained that a winter's rest would see him come forth, like a giant refreshed, to achieve further triumphs.

All that skill and care could suggest, however, failed to make him sound, and his recent determined effort when beaten a neck by Mad Frump was the final gesture of a gallant horse, tho he worked subsequently a mile and a quarter in 2:07 3-5.

In bygone days many big horses with ailing legs were broken to harness and driven to a cart during the training period. This kept the weight off their backs. Alan-a-Dale was trained in this way at the Memphis trotting track by his owner and breeder, Maj. T. C. McDowell, to win the Kentucky Derby of 1902, and the grandson of Henry Clay has always contended that his colt would never have gone to the post for the Churchill Downs classic if he had been trained in the orthodox fashion.

No handsomer or more majestic horse than Twenty Grand has ever been seen on the American turf, nor one with a more determined spirit to win.

And this handsome tribute to a horse winds up with the phrase, "His children should help to keep his memory green."

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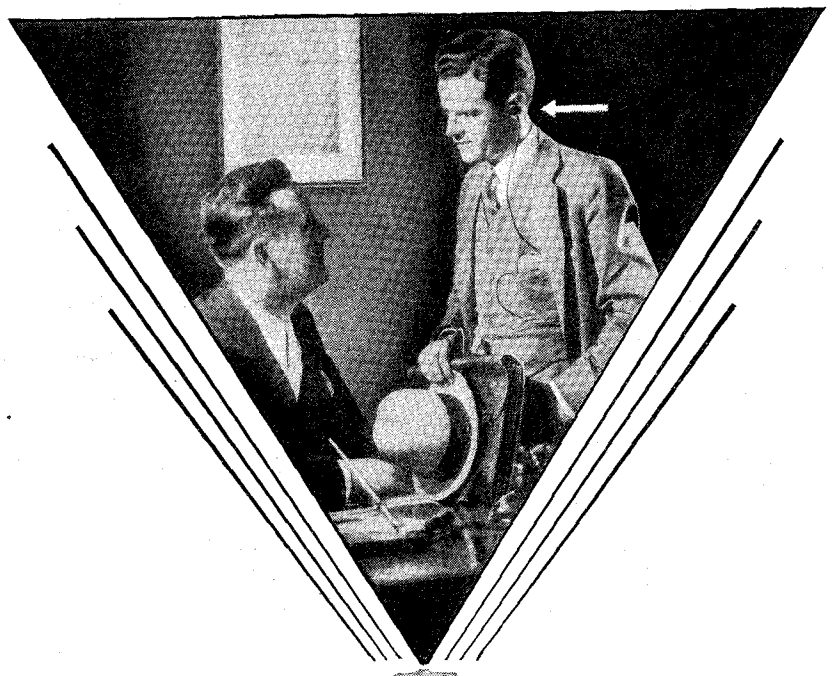

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BURBERRYS LONDON

A Lady Ike Walton Who Fought a Duel With a Swordfish and Broke a Record

"IT'S a whopper!" cried one of the male fishers to the adventurous lady who was handling the heavy rod and reel.

A mass of black and silver "heaved itself half out of the water in an arc." A black marlin and a huge one, but even now the fishing party had no idea how huge the catch actually was. It was their first glimpse of the game-fish that had taken the bait and then fought fiercely against the playing out and reeling in of line by Carrie Fin, who tells in the current *Field and Stream* how, in the Pacific off Russell, New Zealand, she broke the game-fish record for women.

The marlin, a variety of swordfish, was tired, but a lot of hard work had to be done before the battle was finished.

Carrie Fin, an ardent angler, who has many victorious battles with fighting fish to her credit, had gone through a futile morning with her companions.

They had trolled and drifted without so much as a despised blue-nosed shark investigating their bait. Finally, she writes, "the sun directly overhead and a hollow feeling within proclaimed to me that it was time to 'boil the billy' [tea kettle].

"I turned to the boatman to tell him to stop the motor and we would have lunch. No sooner had I taken my eyes off the bait when it was violently seized.

"Turning quickly," she continues:

I saw a miniature whirlpool where my bait had been just a moment before, and the line began to unwind slowly from the reel.

Since I was using a single 14–0 swordfish hook, and could only hope to set it by letting the fish get the bait well into his mouth, I let him have plenty of line. Then, after what seemed hours, but was in reality only a few seconds, I struck. Once, twice, three times I lifted the rod, having jammed on the drag as hard as I dared, and waited for the fireworks.

Nothing happened!

Releasing part of the pressure of the drag, I struck him again several times.

This seemed to wake the fish from his lethargy; he went off on a short run and stopt again. I started to pump him in, but every time I was able to reel in a few feet he would take out a few yards in short, sharp jerks, acting very much like a sluggish shark.

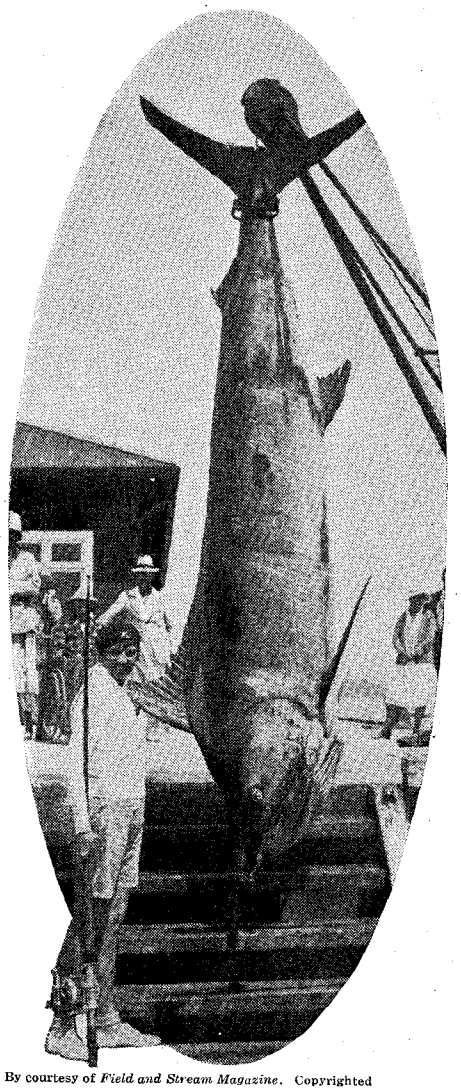
At times I could recover no line at all. Since we were so near the island, I feared lest he had gone into some underwater cave to sulk and cut the line on the sharp rocks.

Such inactivity, combined with the fact that none of us had seen the fish when he took the bait, convinced us that it was some uninteresting species of shark, and I resented the time lost in trying to land this stupid brute. Suddenly the clicking of the reel became a shrill whir, and the fish sped off toward the north and the open sea. The line was coming up nearer and nearer the surface, and Mervyn called, "Watch out now! He's going to show!"

At last, it seemed to the tense party in the launch, they were going to learn what they had hooked. But the stubborn fish would not cooperate. Instead, the account in *Field and Stream* continues:

He made a long, steady run and stopt, without showing. Then I began to work him in toward the boat, backing the launch at times to aid in recovering line.

The double line attached to the wire leader was in sight when off he went on a second run, slightly shorter than the first. Again I worked on him with short, steady lifts of the rod. The harness was cutting into my neck, my fingers were getting bruised, and my back seemed to be parting in the middle.



By courtesy of *Field and Stream Magazine*. Copyrighted

The Marine Diana and Her 823-Pound Prize

I was thoroughly disgusted at wasting so much time and strength on a creature that would not even show itself.

During the first part of the struggle the *Kahawai* [fish used as bait] had slipt up the line and was dangling there, a tempting morsel for some other fish. I gradually got it up to the boat, where it could be taken off, thus eliminating any danger of the line being cut by a greedy mako shark that might happen to seize it.

Now a heavy mass of bull kelp was wrapt around the line, dangerously adding more strain. This was untangled with the aid of gaff and boat-hook. With these difficulties overcome, it seemed to be just a matter of steady pumping to lead the fish to the launch.

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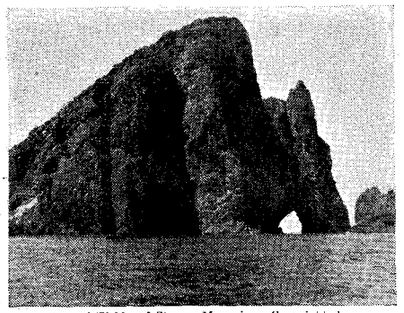
For the second time the double line showed, and I counted the battle as won. Not so!

Off the fish went again, always making for the open sea. Now my pumping and reeling became mechanical. I was nearly blinded by staring constantly at the tip of the rod, silhouetted against the glaring sky.

I did not even see the double line the third time, but I heard an outburst from Mervyn: "It's a black marlin, and a whopper!"

Then, just off the stern, a black and silver mass heaved itself half out of water in an



By courtesy of *Field and Stream Magazine*. Copyrighted

Where the Whopper was Hooked

arc and rolled over on its side, a tired fish. He was practically dead and offered very little resistance as I brought him nearer and nearer to the boat.

"He's coming in tail first," observed Mervyn.

This was strange, but so long as he was still moving toward us I didn't care. As soon as he was alongside the boat, further investigation showed that the wire leader was around his tail. In his final effort the fish had evidently become entangled in the flexible wire, and as he straightened out, when he eased back into the water, it had parted about three feet from the hook which was firmly set, over the barb, in his upper jaw. He was held only by a half hitch of the leader, deeply embedded in the flesh just above his tail.

So little had we seen of this fish that not even now did we appreciate its size. I groped around with trembling hands for nourishment of some kind, since it was then more than three hours past our lunch time, and waited impatiently for the men to haul my prize on board. A stout rope was placed around his tail, and they started to heave him on to the stern as usual. They lifted his tail and a small portion of his body out of water and then stopt. Again they pulled and groaned and grunted, but made no progress.

And so they had to scrap that ambitious plan and decide to tow the huge catch to shore. And then the weighing:

Mr. Stonex, the Secretary of the club, and "Kiwi" Cross were at the pier. The fact that we had a black marlin excited them, because none had been caught the previous year.

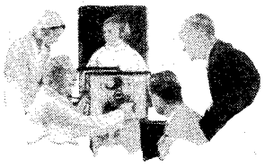
But, as it was lying half submerged in the water, they were no more imprest by its size than I was.

Up and up and up he came. He never seemed to stop coming. Finally he was up to the height of the scales and transferred to them.

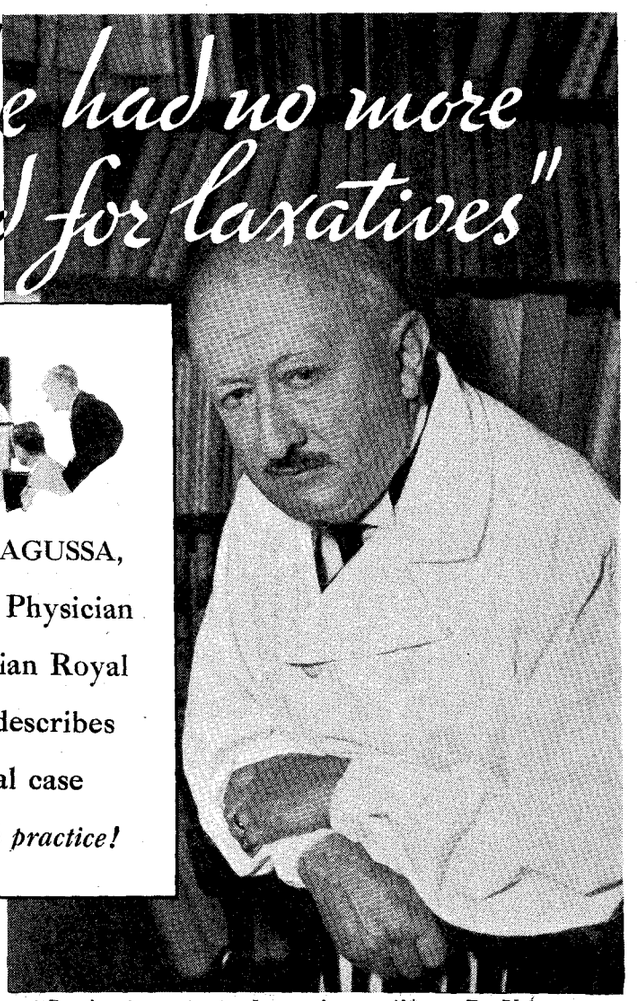
"He'll go well over six hundred!" some one said.

I could not believe my eyes and ears—600, 700, 800, 823 pounds! My sore hands were wrung again and again, and my aching back was thumped with good-natured zeal.

"She had no more need for laxatives"



DR. VALAGUSSA, Honorary Physician to the Italian Royal Family, describes a typical case *in his own practice!*



*"For chronic constipation I prescribe yeast,"** says Dr. Valagussa

"C. R———, a girl, age nine years . . . delicate constitution. Tongue coated, no appetite . . . very pronounced constipation . . . "

There is the beginning of the *private case history* of one of the many patients of Dr. Valagussa, the world-famous Italian child specialist.

He describes the case:—

"Before I treated this girl, her family told me her intestines moved only under the influence of cathartics, laxatives and enemas.

"I submitted her to a regular three-times-a-day yeast treatment. Soon her intestines began to function regularly. Her tongue became normal . . . appetite returned. *She has had no further need for laxatives.*"

Eaten regularly, three cakes a day—a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with and softens the food residues that stagnate in the body when intestines grow "tired." At the same time it stimulates and actually strengthens the intestinal muscles.

Thus intestines are trained to "help themselves." Poison-breeding wastes that were making you feel so headachy and "pepless" are cleaned away naturally!

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Dr. Last, famous Vienna specialist, says: "Fresh yeast has remarkable power to stimulate intestinal action."

(Right) "The doctors are right about Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Miss Rose Marie Nellis, *Dayton, O.* (at left in picture). "I felt sluggish and had a headache daily . . . Soon after starting to eat yeast the headaches and tired feeling left."

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"Chic" Sale

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Aunt Emmy's Husband

AUNT EMMY was born in the spring of 1890, makin' her thirty-five year old this comin' Halloween. She has a fascinatin' personality and irresistible smile, and yet there come a time when her husband lost his temper. One day he got so mad at her that she hit him with a vacuum cleaner and sent him back to his old man.

Repentin' in a moment of weakness, she admitted him to the house again. Well sir, in spite of the interested neighbors, it worked out all right, and I'll tell you why. When her husband gits quarrelsome now Aunt Emmy feeds him a couple of little chocolate tablets. And I would say, jest offhand, there ain't a happier couple in forty mile.

"Chic" Sale

Many a good soul gets a reputation for being a grouch—when something else is to blame for it. You can't expect an "irresistible smile" in a person whose system is clogged with intestinal poisons.

The poisons of constipation will poison dispositions as well as bodies.

Those "little chocolate tablets"—called Ex-Lax—are the pleasant, modern way of cleaning the intestines of poison-laden waste.

Ex-Lax is so delightful to take that children just l-o-v-e it. It's safe, gentle and effective for young and old. Ask your doctor.

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Jarring Jim Bausch's Threat to Thorpe's Laurels

WHO is America's "greatest athlete of all time"?

The answer used to be easy. Jim Thorpe, the big Carlisle Indian, won the honor hands down. But that was before last summer's Olympics.

Now, Ed Pollock reports in his column on the sports page of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, Bausch, "big 'I' man from Kansas, decathlon champion and world's record-holder, is crowding the Indian for the honors, and in the opinion of many has displaced Thorpe.

"Bausch gets the vote of Lawson Robertson, a very important ballot," we learn as we read on:

As head coach of the United States Olympic team, at the University of Pennsylvania and the Irish-American Athletic Club for more than a quarter of a century, Robertson has seen all the world's great athletes, and has trained most of them.

Thorpe won the pentathlon and the decathlon in the 1912 Olympics. He is still hailed as the greatest of all football players, and in baseball he was good enough to stay in the major leagues several seasons.

"Bausch is better," Robertson said. "Thorpe could do some things better than Bausch, but Bausch so far excelled in other events, he is the greatest of all time."

Some of his listeners demurred, mentioning Thorpe's achievements in sports other than track and field.

"If you're going to take in the whole field of sports," retorted Robertson, "don't forget that Bausch was a great football player and a basket-ball star. Considering track and field alone, Bausch is considerably better than Thorpe."

Dr. Leroy Mercer, dean of sports at Pennsylvania and cocompetitor with Thorpe in the 1912 Olympics, seemed surprized at Robertson's statement and commented:

"I'll say this, Thorpe was the most resourceful athlete of all time. When he was training for the 1912 Olympics, he concentrated on only three events—the 1,500 meters, the javelin, and discus.

"Thorpe was familiar with all the other events, except distance running, and it is probable he had never handled a javelin or a discus until he was over in England for the games.

"Thorpe hadn't been trained right, even for the pole vault. He had vaulted, but he was still using the underhand grip. He wanted to do ten feet in the vault, and asked me to teach him the overhand grip. The morning he was to compete in the decathlon pole vault, we got up early and I showed him the overhand grip. He did better than ten feet in his first vault in competition."

BAUSCH was chosen as full-back on the all-Missouri conference football team. "Jarring Jim," as they called him, was a star full-back, but his feats on the gridiron didn't match the performance of Thorpe, we are told as we pursue *The Public Ledger's* account of this highly temperamental yet highly efficient athlete:

A comparison of the Olympic records of these great athletes leaves plenty of room for argument. In five events, Thorpe's records are better than Bausch's. In the other five, Bausch leads.

This discussion, incidentally, started at Carlisle, where Thorpe attended the Indian school, and became its immortal athletic hero.

Following the discussion, Roger K. Todd, of Carlisle, wrote inquiring, among other things, what the system of scoring was in 1912 for the decathlon.

The present scoring system for the decathlon is based on 1912 Olympic performances in the individual (not the decathlon) events. As an example, if Bausch this last summer had vaulted exactly 3.95 meters, the winning vault of H. J. Babcock in the 1912 Olympics, he would have been awarded 1,000 points.

With this scoring system, Bausch amassed 8,462.23 points, a new world's record. Thorpe's total score was 8,412. In 1912, the basis of the scoring system was existing Olympics records for the individual events. Therefore, the point scores offer no comparison.

WHENEVER Robertson mentions Bausch's name, "a smile invariably plays at the corners of his mouth.

"Bausch has supreme confidence in his own ability," Mr. Pollock tells us as he continues:

As a shrinking violet he has it on Art Shires, Dizzy Dean and other well-known "I" men.

The Olympic athletes in camp near Los Angeles used to egg Bausch on to bigger and better boasts. At the end of the first five events of the decathlon last summer, Jim was 150 points better than his best previous record.

"I'll not only win the decathlon," he confided to the whole village, "but I'll break the world's record, too."

Bausch made good on his boast, scoring 8,462.23 points.

While he was receiving congratulations from Robertson and his team-mates, he cleared his throat and said:

"That was nothing. I would have scored 8,600 if I had been feeling well."

"Jim," interrupted Robby, who is a rare humorist, "did you ever have a group picture taken of yourself?"

Do You Own a Belgian Flea?

The price of a competent flea has risen to three dollars because of the falling off in transatlantic travel. All the Hecker fleas are of European origin, purchased from cabin stewards. He has traveled as far as Norfolk bargaining with ship employees for insects capable of making the grade. Belgian fleas learn quickest, according to Professor Hecker; French and Italian fleas are quite bright; English fleas slow of comprehension. "America is the land of my adoption," added Professor Hecker. "I have received honor and material reward in America. I would not allow any expression to escape me which might offend this dear land. I must, therefore, beg to be absolutely excused from discussing American fleas." In prosperous times, Professor Hecker has had as many as seventy fleas warming up in the bull-pen; to-day his reserve stock consists of seven aged ones.—*The New Yorker.*

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High Speed at Great Altitudes

FUTURE travel by plane will be at altitudes of five or six miles, far above cloud and storm, in the calm air of this great height, thinks A. Boutaric, who contributes an article on the subject to the scientific column of the *Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris).

Owing to the extreme thinness of the atmosphere at this height, both the air in the cabin and that which feeds the motors will have to be mechanically comprest. He writes:

The construction of airplanes is in continual evolution. Every year the Aeronautical Salon at Paris shows important improvements by which inventors have attempted to increase the speed, solidity, and safety of their machines. Setting aside for the moment all the technical details of these improvements, I would simply direct attention to the progress that seems to be bringing aviation toward high-altitude flight.

Many will doubtless ask what good can be accomplished by such an advance beyond developing aviation as a sport. They will be greatly surprized to learn that its effect will be to increase notably the safety of flight.

The greatest enemies of aviation, fog, wind, and storm, exist only in the lower parts of the atmosphere, below a height of about six miles. Above this all agitation of the air disappears; it is a region of calm, where storms are unknown. The airplane that flies at such altitudes need not fear that it will be lost in fog or carried away by tempest.

But at the same time that its flight is safer, it may also become much more swift. The principal thing that limits speed is the difficulty of reducing it sufficiently, in the course of descent, to allow a landing to be made. If the flight is at a great height, the descent will be correspondingly long, and the most qualified specialists believe that at ten miles elevation a speed of 350 miles an hour would be practicable.

A primary difficulty, which is in truth a serious one, at once presents itself. How can the pilot and the passengers live during a long journey at such a height, where the air is so extremely rarefied as to be quite unsuited to breathe? The use of masks fed by pure oxygen, quite proper in a merely sporting flight, would be uncomfortable and out of the question in a passenger plane. The only acceptable solution would be to place pilot and passengers in a hermetically sealed cabin where the pressure would be artificially maintained at a point near that which exists at the earth's surface, the renewal of the oxygen taking place at the same time as the absorption of the gaseous products of respiration. The construction of airplanes with such cabins would present some difficulty, but the celebrated balloon ascension of Professor Piccard to a height of ten miles has shown its possibility.

Another difficulty now presents itself. We must not only assure the proper functioning of our lungs at such a height, but also of the motors. Now these utilize the explosion of a gaseous mixture of gasoline vapor and air. The rarefaction of the air with increasing height involves a diminution of the explosive force of the mixture

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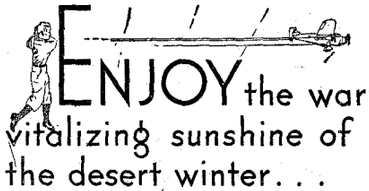

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and so of the power of the motor. Says M. Boutaric:

Divers plans have been proposed to remedy this. One of the simplest was that of the late Auguste Rateau of our Academy of Science. It consists in super-feeding the motor as the altitude increases, by compressing the air before admitting it. Rateau proposed to use a compressor run by the motor itself, or, more economically, by a small turbine operated by the gas of the exhaust.

In Rateau's apparatus a simple valve makes it possible to super-feed the motor to the desired degree. At a height of three miles air would be admitted at a pressure twice the normal pressure at this altitude. This means also increasing the speed.

Hitherto all the planes built on the Rateau plan have been for military use. Pilot and observers are uncovered, and breathe through oxygen masks. But as soon as we have planes with air-proof cabins there will be no trouble in compressing much further, insuring the attainment of much greater heights. Then transatlantic flights will present little difficulty, and New York and Paris will be only a few hours apart!

An Arctic Moses

PULL your chairs up to the fire and hear this saga of an Arctic Moses—it's the story of as strange and daring a pilgrimage as you've ever heard.

Go back to a summer's night in 1929. Two men talked together in the drawing-room of a luxurious apartment in a New York hotel. Occasionally one of them stopt to look down at the fairyland below him.

But his thoughts were thousands of miles away—in a wild bit of frozen, wind-swept land lying against the polar seas. Richard Island, they call it. There some thousands of Eskimos were trapt in a prison of ice, sleet, and snow, facing starvation. Death sat on the ice and waited. Between them and help lay Alaska's uncharted forests, treacherous swamps, snow-covered mountains, frozen rivers, and all the chill armor with which the North can array itself against the unbidden guest.

One of the men, as Hans J. Adamson tells the story in *Liberty*, was William Cory, Canadian Deputy Minister of the Interior, charged with the responsibility of averting the impending famine among these Canadian Eskimos on Richard Island. The other man was Carl Lomen, whom men call the reindeer king of Alaska. There was only one way to get help to Richard Island, and that was to drive a herd of reindeer more than a thousand miles through a wilderness practically unknown to man.

Suddenly Lomen's eyes brightened. "I have it," he cried. "I'll take your order to deliver three thousand deer up to Richard Island. I'll see Andy Bahr."

"Who is Andy Bahr?" asked the Deputy Minister of the Interior.

"The man who knows more about reindeer and the North than any living person,"

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answered Lomen. "If any one can do this thing, it's Andy."

Andy Bahr, the writer tells us, was past the threescore mark, and had long since retired from reindeer herding. He had settled down to running a little apartment-house in Seattle. Born in Lapland, he had come to this country at the age of twenty to herd reindeer in Alaska.

"It'll be a hard job," Andy said, when the question was put to him, "but there ain't no reason why I can't do it. I can't see them poor devils starvin'. I'll go." Let Mr. Adamson go on with the story:

In November, 1929, there was a great round-up of deer at Naboktoolik, a tiny Eskimo village at the mouth of the Selawik River on the western coast of Alaska. The work of selecting three thousand choice specimens to be driven to Richard Island was in progress when a terrific storm wrecked the corrals, releasing the deer. While a second round-up was in progress, Andy's carefully trained sled deer ran off, which necessitated delay until new animals could be broken in. And so it was not until after Christmas that Andy got under way.

It was a sight that Naboktoolik will never forget when the little Laplander began his march to the Arctic Sea with the horde of deer, his companions, several dogs, and some fifty sleds piled with tons of supplies.

"We'll be there in about a year 'n' a half," he said as he departed.

Andy's twelve-hundred-mile serpentine route was to take him north to the Arctic coast, then east to the Mackenzie delta and Richard Island—journey's end. He had purposely chosen winter as the time of departure because the first half of the long course was to lead him through mountain valleys and a bewildering labyrinth of rivers, creeks, and swampland—territory that is impassable in summer.

Within a fortnight Andy was well out in the godless stretches of endless white where, from October to April, high-velocity winds come howling down from the Pole; where blinding blizzards rage for weeks on end, and gray, ghostly twilight takes the place of day.

Grimly, intrepidly, this modern Moses led his strange pilgrimage onward into the land that was neither heaven nor earth nor hell, while the wind and the snow and the cold chanted an ominous chorus of impending doom.

Storm followed storm, each one increasing in severity. Some of the sled deer, half-wild and poorly trained, ran amuck, splintered the sleds, and made a dash to freedom—and merciful death. The herd itself, hungry and storm-lasht, milled about in frenzied confusion. Andy, using every cunning device that he had learned during his years of experience, finally got the beasts under control. Then came a new menace—wolves. The herd stampeded and separated, and Andy spent several days getting it together again.

The Arctic Moses had weathered the first crisis, but others were in store for him.

In February the little Laplander began casting about for a crossing over the frozen Selawik River. For two weeks he was thwarted by dense, impenetrable brush and high, steep banks which the herd couldn't negotiate. When finally he found a suitable place, a lashing wind suddenly swept the river clear of snow and left it with a skating-rink surface on which the deer could not find footing. So there was a delay of eight valuable days while the herders, wielding picks and axes, corrugated a mile-wide stretch of ice across the frozen stream.

Toward the end of February Andy reached a point on the Hunt River and made camp. He had made less than a hundred miles in two months—with more than a thousand to go!

He had planned to go far beyond, to Howard Pass, before making camp; but the fawning season was approaching and to have prest onward would have meant infinite hardship for the mother animals and their young. Then, too, a rest now would give both the men and the beasts a chance to put some fat on their bones, the better to withstand the rigors that awaited them. The ground was beginning to loosen up a bit, which made it easier for the deer to feed.

Andy was beginning to think the worst was over. But as the summer came on it brought ravages of its own. In July the mercury ran up to more than 100 degrees. Flies and mosquitoes came across the tundra in clouds and attacked men and beasts. The reindeer tried to escape, and the herd did finally split in two, the groups drifting thirty miles apart. Many weeks passed before the herd was rounded up.

One day, early in November, more than ten months after the journey had begun, an Alaskan Airways plane swooped down to take Andy pathfinding. Through his powerful binoculars Andy saw that the pass he had decided upon was a death-trap. He sighted another, where the Ambler River cuts through the Brooks range of mountains. Six tons of supplies were delivered to the advance base by dog-team, and on Thanksgiving Day, 1930, the pilgrimage was resumed, with Howard Pass as the next objective.

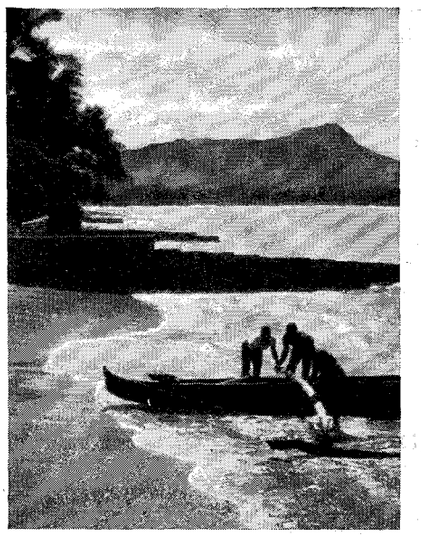
But, we read on:

Hardly had they started when the elements once again raised a savage chant of doom in their faces. A churning blizzard suddenly cut a hideous swath over the territory that Andy had chosen, and he and his men were forced to abandon the herd temporarily and dig caves in the ground. The deer wandered at will, but that didn't particularly worry Andy. Reindeer always travel with the wind, and Andy is a past master at estimating wind direction and velocity and the speed of roaming deer. When the storm was over he went out and located the herd with little difficulty.

But bad weather continued to hound the procession, and often some of the herders would be lost in the blinding wilderness for days. One Eskimo with his train of four sleds disappeared for two weeks and was listed as lost. But one morning the little man with the black eyes and the olive skin straggled into camp, frost-maimed and exhausted.

"Me get back," he said simply, as he dropt in his tracks.

The pilgrimage was not far from its immediate objective, Howard Pass, when Andy met his supreme test. Things had been going along fairly smoothly for several days. Suddenly, out of the polar silences, swirled the worst storm that the party had yet encountered. Visibility ceased to be and the herders, half frozen and virtually in tatters, swarmed around Andy. The wise old Laplander knew that for the first time



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FOR all those who have known Hawaii's caress—its unhurried peace and joyful contentment—Mark Twain wrote:

"... No alien* land in all the world has any deep, strong, charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through more than half a lifetime, as that one has done.

"Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitude; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished years and years ago."

**(When Mark Twain penned this tribute, Hawaii was a monarchy, but since 1898 the Islands have been a territory and an integral part of the United States of America.)*

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during the trek he was threatened with mutiny.

"We're lost!" roared one of the men above the shrieking wind. "Y'understand? We're lost! You got us into this!"

Andy glared witheringly at the speaker, then at the others around him. At length, smiting his chest, he roared:

"You men can see me, can't you?"

They nodded, not understanding what he was driving at.

"Well," he went on, "as long as you can see me y'ain't lost. When you're with me you're home!"

His supreme self-confidence quieted them down for the time being, at least.

FINALLY, came the day when the Arctic Moses crossed the last of the mountain ranges. Before him lay the promised land of the Colville basin. In March, 1931, Andy made camp. But here came another staggering blow. Food was running low, and the whole caravan faced starvation. Only a miracle could save them.

Then the miracle happened—on a day when the specter of mutiny was once more stalking abroad. Andy was arguing with the herders when suddenly, from above, there came the drone of an airplane motor!

Circling, the plane—one of the Alaskan Airways fleet—landed on the surface of the river and taxied up to the camp. The pilot, Joe Crosson, greeted Andy.

"Can't stay but a few minutes, Andy," Crosson explained. "A storm's brewing. Carl Lomen is worried about you—asked me to try to locate you."

Andy told his story simply, briefly. "And if we don't get food quick," he concluded, "we're stopt—and what about all them folks up Richard Island way?"

"I'll see that you get food," said Crosson. "But it may take some time for a plane to get through to you."

Prospects of relief quelled the rebellion among the herders.

Three weeks later Crosson landed with a thousand pounds of food.

Four months afterward—in July of last year—Andy reached the bleak Arctic coast. He penned a homespun letter to the reindeer king, setting forth the hardships that he and his band of pilgrims were going through.

"But I ain't kickin', Mister Lomen," Andy concluded. "We will make it."

The letter reached Lomen in September. And that was the last heard of Andy Bahr until April of this year, when a search instituted by the Canadian Government revealed that the herd had again been split in twain. Half of it was located some three hundred miles from its destination. The herders in charge said that they had not seen Andy in more than four months—not since he had left in a blinding blizzard to locate the other half. Later, natives along the hilly country that skirts the shores of the Polar Sea said they had heard reports that the gnarled little figure of the Laplander had been seen with the other half of the herd in tow, beating his way eastward toward the Mackenzie delta.

From a brief account in *The Wall Street Journal* we learn that the herd of 3,000 has increased to 3,400. The Canadian Government's contract with the Lomen Brothers calls for the payment of $195,000 on delivery of the reindeer. Andy's remuneration is not mentioned. His crew consists of four Laplanders and six Eskimos.

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CURRENT POETRY

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THE plight of so many to-day has called forth sympathetic verse expressions; few if any have the bite of this in the first issue of *The New Outlook* (New York):

THE BEGGAR

(for William Blake)

BY OGDEN NASH

Beggar, beggar, burning low
In the city's trodden snow.
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy dread asymmetry?

In what distant deep of lies
Died the fire of thine eyes?
What the mind that planned the shame?
What the hand dare quench the flame?

And what shoulder and what art
Could rend the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to fail,
What soft excuse, what easy tale?

What the hammer? What the chain?
What the furnace dulled thy brain?
What the anvil? What the blow
Dare to forge this deadly woe?

When the business cycle ends,
In flaming extra dividends,
Will He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the Ford make thee?

INSPIRATION, "a journal for aspiring poets and poetry lovers" (St. Louis, Mo.), is a newcomer in the field, and is "devoted to the verse of beginners, and, yet, unrecognized poets, who seek recognition rather than remuneration." But it gives prizes of $5, $3, $2. This is the fortunate first winner:

ARCHITECTURE

BY WINIFRED WRIGHT

I am the noblest of the Arts.
I am the art of service.
I provide, shelter, and transform.
Next to man I am nearest to God in beauty.
I soar high.
I clutch deep into the earth and grow.

I follow in the wake of men's dreams
And lead in the process of their materialization.
I am the mirror of culture.

I make vines and leaves of iron.
I invite and frame live pictures
  In blown sand.
Poetry and the organs of music
  Are built into me.

I survive men.
I accumulate beauty as I grow older;
And when I disintegrate,
I do so in the infinite cause of perfection.

I am gentle.
I build monuments to the tenderest impulse.
I am humble. Roses climb upon my face,
And the honeysuckle loves me.

ONE fancies that much current verse may arise from motives confessed below; but who has before been honest enough to confess? In *The Spectator* (London):

READER'S QUERY

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

Is there a *quick* way of becoming a modern poet?
If there is, I should very much like to know it.
Are there, for instance, any "Poetry Schools"
Where they teach one the rules
And at the same time give one a chance of "learning
While earning,"
Such as those Correspondence Colleges which guarantee
To make a man a journalist at a nominal fee?
Or is it absolutely necessary to study
A poet like Masefield (and use words like "bloody"),
Or D. H. Lawrence
(Whom I view with utter abhorrence),
Or am I bound
To wade through the works of T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound?
Of course I am quite prepared to *read* these people—but
What I really want is a short cut
Which will enable me to turn out stuff
That is good enough,
Stuff, I mean, that will pass
As poetry even if it is not high class.
And, as the idea of going through a long course of drudgery is hateful,
If anyone can give me a few useful tips I shall be eternally grateful.
In short, I want to be able to write such a poem that no editor will dare to return it
With the usual hypocritical regrets to—

HERE is a series of pictures that have the real eerie quality—tho the lines remind you of Coleridge. In *The Lyric* (Roanoke, Va.):

VILLAGE BY THE SEA

BY MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

I

The Discovery

I found a shore where none had been
  But silent ships that sailed away.
I found a sea where waves rushed in
  Like towers caught on Judgment Day;

The sand lay whiter than a bone,
  And pipers romped through solemn games,
And when the tide up-turned a stone,
  They ran to look, and scratched their names;

Sea-thunder beat upon the air
  Like people shouting in a crowd,
And sank to whispering, and there,
  Came silence deeper than a cloud.

II

Fog

A wall as light as tossing snow
  Stepped softly on the sea,
The sun above, the shade below,
  It came uncannily;

We lost the light-house, then the bluff
  (The sky was sweetly blue)
A fog-horn spoke, we heard his gruff
  Remarks the whole night through.

III

Wind South-East. Rain

The rain could not fall calmly here
  As on New England ground,
Dropped like a harp's unearthly, clear,
  Inimitable sound.

But it must come with hue and cry,
  And hurl against the pane
Handfuls of shot . . . and by and by,
  Go rushing off again.

IV

Heavy Breeze

Like a raddled leaf
  In a witless gale,
The sight was brief
  Of her slatting sail;

Her spars were thread,
  And her masts were veins
As she whipped ahead
  Of the driving rains;

In the noisy dark
  From the light-house reef,
Came a warning spark
  For the raddled leaf.

Kill a COLD before It Takes Root!

TREAT a cold quickly and treat it *decisively!* Don't depend on half-way measures. Half-way measures only lead to half-cured colds.

Take a COLD remedy for a cold and not a remedy good for half a dozen things. Take a remedy that gets a cold from the *inside,* and not merely a surface treatment.

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The wise thing to do is to take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine as soon as you catch a cold. Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is effective and reliable because it is specifically a cold remedy and because it does the four things necessary to relieve a cold.

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What City Credit Means to the Taxpayer

WHEN TWO OF WALL STREET'S biggest bankers flatly tell the New York City authorities that they must run the city more economically or they won't be able to borrow money to pay current bills, taxpayers sit up and take notice—especially when Chicago's near bankruptcy is kept in mind.

The poorer a city's credit is, the higher the rate it will have to pay when it borrows money. All in all, remarks Benjamin Colby in *The Annalist*, "whether a city will be able to borrow at 3 or 6 per cent. over a period of years will be a considerable item in its costs."

In fact, for our larger cities, interest payments take up more than 12 per cent. of the money raised by taxes. Mr. Colby takes the case of New York as "an example of hundreds of municipalities that are paying dearly for the loss of investors' confidence." He notes the fluctuations in the price of New York City bonds since the end of the Walker régime:

> Accession of a new Mayor, with a program of economy repudiating the flagrant extravagance of his predecessor, brought a rise of approximately $135,000,000 in total market prices, all of which was lost when it appeared that his retrenchment proposals were to be scrapped and an era of limousine politics continued.

A year and a half ago New York was doing temporary borrowing at 1.87½ per cent., with Boston paying 1.74. This year New York has been borrowing at 5¾ per cent. with Boston paying from 2.23 to 0.97. Besides, New York has sold $150,000,000 of one to five year notes bearing interest at around 6 per cent. In other words—

> Roughly calculated, America's largest city has contracted to pay on its 1932 financing a total of approximately $8,340,000 more interest than would have been required had it managed its affairs economically.
>
> Even $8,340,000 is nearly 1¼ per cent. of the current annual expenditures.

THE high cost of municipal borrowing in this country is getting more and more important:

> In 1929, 11.9 per cent. of revenue receipts were required to meet our cities' interest, and for those of more than 500,000 population the percentage was 12.8. Debt has since grown by an estimated one-eighth, so that the proportion of income required is now probably substantially higher.
>
> It has been customary to regard as waste only that which is actually paid out in exorbitant salaries and for unneeded employees and projects—the visible excess of operating costs over what they would be on an efficient basis.
>
> But if a city borrows at 6 per cent. when another with comparable assets and advantages is getting money at one-third this rate because of governmental economy, the added interest is an expenditure for which the city receives nothing at all—a waste.

The idea once prevailed that "municipal credit is always good because the taxing power is unlimited." But now taxes are increasingly difficult to collect, and there is a point beyond which municipal expenditures do not procure equivalent benefits for taxpayers. In other words, "where this process of diminishing returns begins is the practical limit of effective taxation, and there are indications that this has been reached in many places." After all, we are told, cities really are "affected by precisely the same factors that affect industry, altho the effects may be felt more slowly." And the writer goes on:

> During the past two years bankers have adopted an attitude toward municipal borrowers similar to that which they have always had toward private corporations.
>
> In the affairs of commercial enterprises given to periodic borrowing they generally have an important voice, and since municipal difficulties have become wide-spread this has been true of their relations with cities.
>
> Much of the retrenchment that has been put into practise by our larger municipalities, in fact, has been because of the stipulations of bankers, unwilling to advance private funds entrusted to them without guaranties of economical financial administration.
>
> Had the bankers not taken such an unyielding stand, many municipalities apparently would have continued the process of engulfing themselves in debt until halted by utter break-down.
>
> Financial reform, unfortunately, can not alter interest rates on the money (estimated at $13,000,000,000) that is already owed by local units.
>
> If we are entering a prolonged period of low money rates, however, municipalities that conduct their affairs economically and efficiently should be able to do their financing at sufficient advantage to assist appreciably in lightening debt pressure.

After the Branch-Factory Spree

"'LOOK AT THAT!' said an exporter, as he pointed to a copy of the leading Canadian popular national magazine.

"We turned over the pages together and found that nine-tenths of the advertising was by American branch companies.

"'Do you wonder,' the exporter asked, 'that our exports to Canada are falling off? Canada is merely an extreme example of what has been going on all over the world. We Americans have been foolishly exporting capital, factories, and jobs to make imitation American goods to take foreign outlets away from genuine American goods and employment from American labor.

"'But, thank heaven, this era of error is coming to an end. I hear almost daily of the closing of branches abroad with a jingling crash of lost dollars. I deplore the losses, but I hope that the lessons thereby learned will be worth the cost.'

"Millions of Americans, including thousands of investors, share both the exporter's deploration and hope."

So writes Theodore M. Knappen in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, under the title of "Branch Factories Abroad—A Fiasco in Over-Expansion." Telling us of the extent of this movement, Mr. Knappen says that "it probably would not be far afield to say that near 2,000 American firms have some sort of production branches abroad. The number of the branches is considerably larger, as many concerns have branches in a number of countries.

"During the boom period," Mr. Knappen continues, "there was much flag-waving and screaming by the eagle, as factory after factory was erected abroad. The movement was spoken of as an American invasion. Later there began to be misgivings about the effects of these branch factories on American exports, domestic industrial progress, and employment.

"After the depression brought in an era of pitiless economy and searching introspection executives began to scrape off the ballyhoo and endeavor to ascertain whether branch factories were all that they were once supposed to be."

THEY were supposed to widen markets, to get around tariff barriers, to reduce or eliminate transportation costs, and to add to the prestige of a company.

But sad experience has shown that the expected did not happen. Among the obstacles met by branch factories were high labor costs despite low wage scales, high taxes in various countries and the prejudice against foreign goods. In many instances the branch factories diverted demand from the home plant. Waste resulted from the building of branches in countries where there was no real economic need for them.

"The conclusion is inevitable," continues Mr. Knappen, "that American branches in foreign countries have been overdone, that many more of them will be liquidated, and that they have cut deeply into American export trade." Then—

> Nevertheless, it may be expected that under certain favorable

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It's *hard for a* Hungry citizen

to be a *Good* CITIZEN

THE boy whose stomach is empty cannot be expected to do good work at school. Babies undernourished through another winter may be handicapped by frail bodies through life. The hungry father of a hungry family is hardly the man to seek employment with persistence, or to do well on the job when he gets it.

Before you can save a man's soul it is often necessary to feed his body. You have no right to expect the civic virtues of patience, courage and honesty from starving, freezing men and women. If they preserve a just attitude towards the laws of the city in which they live, it is a miracle.

This winter, as never before, it is the duty of all who are well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed to help the less fortunate. The fact that you gave last year, and the year before, does not lessen your responsibility. The fact that you cannot afford a large contribution must not deter you. The upturn of business with a gradual improvement of economic conditions does not remove the crisis of this moment. Emergency appropriations by the federal government amount to $300,000,000, but they meet only half the increased national needs for human relief.

The rest is up to you!

How will your dollars be used? First of all, they will feed the hungry, and relieve the absolute want of the unemployed.

They will be used, also, to take care of the sick and aged. They will help to maintain hospitals, orphanages and schools. They will make possible clinics and visiting nurses.

The dollars you give are invested in the forces of civilization right in your community!

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION, 1932

The Welfare and relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provisions for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give *through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chest, or through your local emergency relief committee.*

Newton D. Baker, Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

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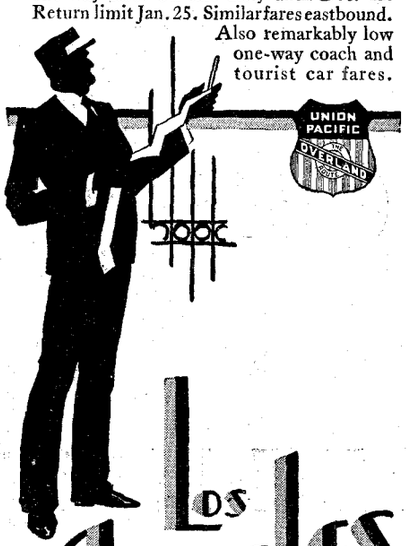

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conditions new branches will be established when business activity is resumed.

We have not seen the end of the branch factory movement. But it will certainly be less inimical hereafter to fundamental American interests than it has been, and most of the future ventures will be individually sounder and more justifiable from the standpoint of earnings of the branching companies than in the past.

Big Steel Sees Better Days

FAITH being the substance of things hoped for, in the Pauline language, the maintenance of the United Steel Corporation's preferred dividend is interpreted by the press as a notable act of faith.

It is "a distinct token of confidence," in the Boston *News Bureau's* words, "in the reality of a betterment still far from robust in its beginnings."

It is not true that the Corporation had begun to receive sufficient orders to take it "out of the red," explains the New York *Times:*

As a matter of fact, the bookings thus far have not been satisfactory.

No doubt the corporation has been assured that the railroads will place some orders for rails; but the carriers are said to have been disgruntled because the reduction in prices was not larger. Their executives wanted a maximum cut of $8 a ton, which would have made the new rate $35. The principal steel producer was unwilling to accept business at less than $40, against $43 previously.

But there is, nevertheless, hope of buying orders in some volume at the adopted figure. The Steel Corporation, in authorizing payment of the regular dividend on preferred stock, was encouraged to believe that general business would begin soon to improve.

At any rate, it was willing to risk another $6,000,000 disbursement out of its carefully husbanded resources in the hope of promoting the business recovery and in the expectation of enlarged business.

THE third quarter of the year "was palpably a probationary period," further reflects the Boston *News Bureau:*

That had been made manifest when the chairman had said in July that in view of the previous large inroads into that surplus, it had become "apparent that improvement in business and earnings must in future determine dividend action on the preferred stock." Now the record of that third quarter in its financial figures shows in brief that the results were actually a trifle poorer than for the preceding quarter.

That showing by itself would seem to support a reputed minority who wanted to pass or cut the 7 per cent. rate. But it was not the whole of the story. Without any new declaration this time as to business or earnings test, there are set forth simply some figures on output, rising from an 11.8 per cent. rate in July to 16.6 per cent. for half of October, and still larger figures for shipments to consumers which likewise rose from 15.7 per cent. in July to 19.1 per cent. the first half of October.

The eloquence of those simple statistics was considered adequate in itself.

If that trend shall now continue, the earnings story may well change also.

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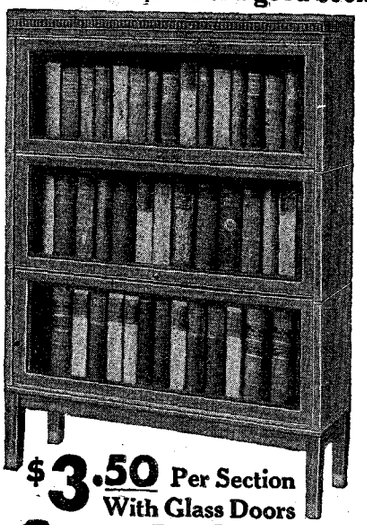

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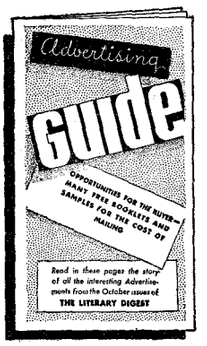
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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Pass the Jack-knife.—The original "home-loan bank" was the one that held baby's pennies.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Ones That Get Away.—"How are they biting to-day, old man?"

"On the neck and legs mostly."—*Boston Transcript.*

They Soon Holler "Ouch!"—It has been discovered that in giving till it hurts some people are extremely sensitive to pain.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

Long, Long Trail.—"What is your occupation?"

"It isn't an occupation, it's a pursuit. I'm a bill collector."—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Running True to Form.—PROFESSOR KRANZ—"What did you find out about the salivary glands?'

STUDE—"I couldn't find out a thing, Professor; they're too darn secretive."—*Purple Parrot.*

Better Meet 'Em Halfway.—"I see the jury acquitted the girl who killed her employer, on the ground of insanity."

"Yes, and quite right, too. Anybody who kills an employer these days is certainly crazy."—*Farm Journal.*

Their Manners Are.—FISH DEALER—"Lobsters, madam; nice lobsters? Look, they're all alive."

LADY—"Yes, but are they fresh?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Kissed the Blarney Stone?—

"Return to school I much enjoy,"
Said little Benny Blatt.
The teacher smiled and said: "Dear boy,
You'll make a diplomat."

—*Washington Star.*

Jersey Lightning and Then Some.—"Did you ever taste moonshine whisky?"

"Certainly not," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Anybody who can't swallow fast enough to keep from tastin' it has no business tryin' to drink it."—*Washington Star.*

Rocking the Baby.—The other day I heard of one of these new pee-wee autos speeding fifty miles an hour on one of our main highways. And every fifty feet the little trinket would hop right up in the air about five feet. A motor cop finally overtook the midget-motor and brought it to a stop.

"What's the big idea of that car jumpin' that a-way?" asked the cop.

The driver answered:

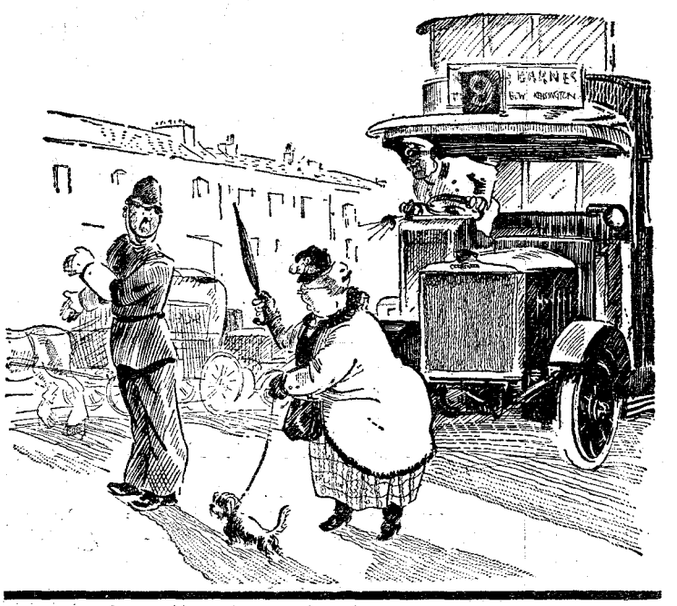
"Why, officer, there's nothing wrong with the car. You see!—I've got—hic—the hiccups!"—*Santa Fé paper.*

Into the Bright Lights.—FIRST MOSQUITO—"Why are you making such a fuss?"

SECOND DITTO—"Whoopee! I passed the screen test."—*Stray Bits.*

Mrs. Beaver: Mr. Mud-Turtle.—MISTRESS—"So your married life was very unhappy? What was the trouble? December wedded to May?"

CHLOE JOHNSON—"Lan' sake, no, mum! It was Labor Day wedded to de Day of Rest!"—*Washington Labor.*



Dear old soul: "Officer, where will I get the No. 9 bus?"
P.C.: "In the small of the back, lady."

—"Everybody's Weekly" (London).

Dumb Carelessness.—MRS. HEIGHO—"Old Jonas Hardscrabble fell plumb off th' roof of his house while he wuz shingling it."

MRS. WHYSO—"Didn't his wife feel awful?"

"Awful is no name for it—he fell right into her bed of sweet peas."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

And No Gum-Drops Left.—"Yes," said the cheerful one, telling of a harrowing experience, "we had reached the place where we had eaten the last dog."

"It must have been terrible!" exclaimed the fair listener.

"It was," he said; "they didn't even have mustard to put on it, and it was at least twenty miles to the next stand."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Jes' Lies an' Lies.—

The angler lies in wait with hook
And line and rod and reel,
And hap at night he brings the cook
A bullhead or an eel. —*Judge.*

The angler lies forever at
The mercy of the skeeters,
Of stinging fly and biting gnat
And other blood depleters.
—*Albany News.*

The angler lies, but we surmise
That this is idle chat.
We'll merely say, "The Angler lies,"
And let it go at that.
—*Boston Transcript.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Brush Up the Old Oaken Bucket.—
WANTED—Lady to keep house in modernless home.—*Oskaloosa paper.*

The World's Getting Smaller.—
OBITUARY
(Crowded out last week)
—*Delaware County (N. Y.) paper.*

Devil Cake, of Course.—Ernest Ascherman was given a surprize birthday party, last night, by forty fiends. Music and dancing were enjoyed.—Refreshments were served, including a birthday cake.—*Unidentified clipping.*

She Stoops to Conquer.—Mrs. Whitney, guarding herself against the cold in a $5,000 stable coat, distributes campaign literature and shakes hands with housemaids.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

It Pays to Kick.—So effective is the relief work carried on by the Welfare Department of Madera County that the children of indignant parents are apparently better nourished than they ever were before.—*Dixon (Cal.) paper.*

S. O. S.—
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B. & E. APPLICATION
—*Dunkirk (N. Y.) Evening Observer.*

Hot Time in the Old Town.—
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—*Pottstown (Pa.) paper.*

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—*Glendale (Calif.) News Press.*

Three of a Kind Beat a Pair.—
DAISY and VIOLET HILTON
SIAMESE TWINS
Born Joined Together
plus
JOHNNY PERKINS
—*Ad in the Omaha World-Herald.*

Spreading the Message.—The prayer-meeting of the Philathea class of the Grace Church will be on Saturday, October 22, at 2:00 P. M. Bridge, five hundred, and euchre are on the program. Prizes will be awarded, and refreshments will be served. Everyone is cordially invited.—*Waukegan (Ill.) paper.*

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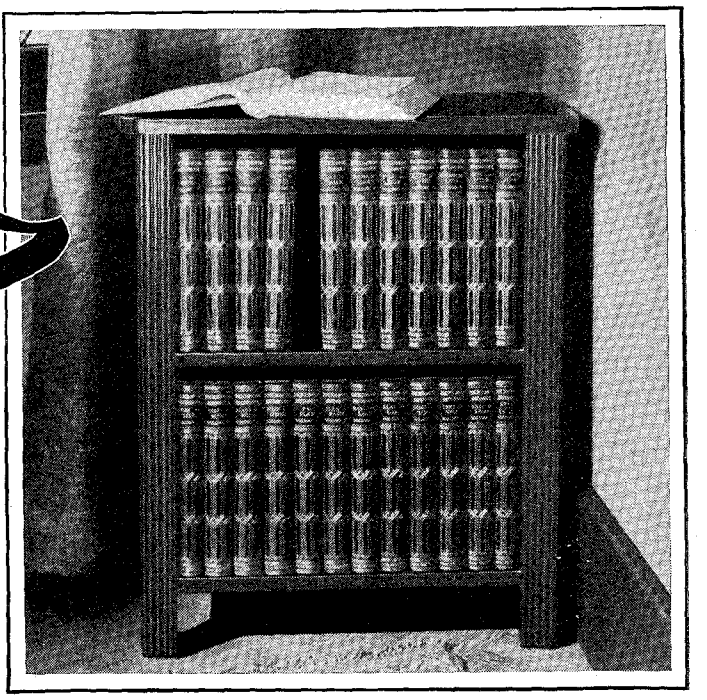

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